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THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

OUR present Holy Father signalised the beginning of his pontificate by an act which we hope will stamp its own characteristic on the history of his times. We allude to the encyclic letter which he directed to the Patriarchs and Bishops of the East, and which, though received by several of them in a manner which it is better to forget, appears now not to have been so entirely without results as it then threatened to remain. The new Pope's first act was to direct the sympathies and the endeavours of Catholics towards healing the old breach which has for centuries cut off from the Church so fair a portion of her inheritance; and though a strong interest was for the moment excited, yet the coolness with which the Eastern Bishops received the advances, and the growing dangers of revolution which began to absorb the attention of the West, soon put the matter out of the public mind. The Russian war threatened only to exacerbate the rivalry, and to make the cure more hopeless; but, by God's providence, that conflict of East and West has only brought them nearer together, has roused the heirs of the Eastern empire from their seclusion, and has brought them into closer relations with the great Catholic nation of the West. There is something that appears mysterious in the attraction which France exercises on Russia; all human considerations would appear calculated rather to keep the two nations apart, and in a state of mutual aversion, and to throw Russia into the arms of Protestant states. Since Peter the Great, the Russian government and the schools have been in the hands of Protestants, often of strangers; when Russia wanted to form native masters, she sent them to study in the Protestant universities of Germany; her princes and princesses have intermarried

with Protestant families; all through the last century, and during great part of this, ecclesiastical teaching has been alarmingly infected with Protestantism. In Russia, as in other countries, the instinct of all sects to league together in opposition to the Catholic Church has more than once manifested itself; while, on the other side, the taking of Moscow, the continual protests in favour of Poland, the destruction of Sebastopol, and many similar acts of hostility, are well remembered in Russia.

Naturally, all these things would tend to set Russia against France, and to draw her into closer union with Protestant countries. Yet exactly the reverse of this is the case; so far so, that politicians think they see looming in the distance a cordial alliance between these two great empires, more lasting, because more according to the tastes and sympathies of each people, than that between France and ourselves. What may have been the results of the meeting of Alexander II. and Napoleon III. at Stuttgard, we have no more opportunity of knowing than any one else; we can only affirm, with those who know each people well, that the monarchs were there as representatives of their nations; that in Russia especially, this meeting of the sovereigns was seen with the greatest pleasure; and that Alexander really carried with him to the capital of Wurtemberg the hearts of the greatest part of his people.

What is the design of Providence in the mutual attraction of these two great nations? Can it be that God intends to reward the missionary zeal of the French nation, whose apostolic workmen far outnumber those of all other nations together, by using her as the means of fulfilling the hopes expressed by Pius IX. in the beginning of his pontificate, and to make her the instrument of the union of the East and West, of the reconciliation of the two rites?

We do not forget the sufferings of Poland, nor its claims to our sympathy; but we do not think that the Polish Catholics have any right to such monopoly as they sometimes seem to claim in the efforts for the reconciliation of Russia. If they were in a position to effect that which they seem unwilling others should attempt, the case would be somewhat altered. But as matters stand, the idea of being converted by the Poles, as has been once again seriously proposed this year, only excites the indignation of the Russians. Poland must be contented to yield this function to France, the nation which presents itself to the Russian imagination as the great Catholic people, with which the Russian Church could treat on more equal terms, and with less national humiliation, than would be implied in suing directly to the See of Rome.

We are therefore, we think, only following the call of Providence when we attempt to direct the attention and the deep interest of our readers to the present fermentation of thought in the Russian Church. The Pope led the way in his famous encyclic letter; passing events force the mind into the same currents of thought that he strove to set in motion. Our sympathies and our interest will not be lost either on ourselves or on the Russians. Putting aside the supernatural efficacy of prayer, there is nothing that encourages the spirit of apostolicity in the Church so much as a fellow-feeling with all Christians, especially with those who have been lost so long, and seem now in the way of being found. The apostolic spirit is a note of the true Church; hers is a spirit that urges her forward always to new conquests. St. Ignatius, in his Constitutions, when he speaks of the things which promote the union of the members of his order with their head and with one another, says, that it is of great importance that there should be frequent interchange of letters, and that all should hear frequently of one another, and should read of whatever good thing is done in the various missions. And this mutual correspondence is committed to the peculiar care of the general and provincials. Few Catholics will require a stronger testimony to the benefit of continual correspondence concerning the foreign affairs of the Church. Neither is the consideration of the Eastern Church without use for our controversies with the Anglicans. It will bring into strong light the great contrast which exists between the Church of England and the Church of Russia; a true hierarchy instead of a doubtful one (to put it in the mildest form); true sacraments instead of shams; ecclesiastical authority instead of private judgment; corporate unity instead of entire want of cohesion; a discipline and a liturgy sedulously preserved from apostolic times instead of a Book of Common Prayer jerked hastily together by a set of ignorant men, and a discipline founded on the novelties of the Reformers rather than on ancient traditions. The position of the two bodies in regard to the Catholic Church is this: the Eastern Church is a great fragment, not much split, and only divided from the mountain by one large fissure; fill up this breach, and without change of position, the fragment is again part of the mountain: whereas the so-called Church of England was blown into powder when she was separated from the Church, and retains no cohesion, no form of her own, no tangible corporate existence, with which we can come to terms.

As to the effect that our interest may have on the Russians themselves, we must remember that theirs is not a na-

tion that is indifferent to what foreigners think of them; like most new peoples with a new and almost untried civilisation, they are anxious to stand well in the opinions of their neighbours; they are more than grateful, they are proud, of the interest that strangers take in their affairs. They wish to be talked of, to fill the imagination and the mouths of men. They are a people that could not help being touched when they heard that the whole Catholic world was yearning for their reconciliation; that it was willing to respect their ancient rites, their discipline, their prejudices; that thousands in almost every diocese were praying daily for the healing of the wound on terms that could hurt no rational feeling of dignity, but that would leave each side in as honourable a position as heretofore.

In treating of this great question, several points occur which seem to require immediate attention; none of them, however, is so necessary to begin with as the proof that the fermentation of mind of which we have spoken does exist in Russia. To show this, we shall in the present article first of all produce a paper of some weight, originally written for the *Nord*, Brussels newspaper, by the consul of a German kingdom who resides in that city. It was accepted by the editor—it was even, we believe, put into type—when its publication was stopped by a certain ambassador, who desired that no religious questions might be treated of in that paper. The manuscript that came to our hands had travelled to St. Petersburg, and had been read and remarked upon by several Russians of high standing in that capital. The paper, though perhaps in its form not altogether unexceptionable, serves better than any thing which we could write to show the feelings which begin to make way in Russia, and the prognostications of peace which are sometimes indulged in there. With this preface, we proceed to lay it before our readers.

ROME AND ST. PETERSBURG :

*A Moderate Reply to the Work of Father J. Gagarin, S.J., entitled
“Will Russia become Catholic?”*

In 1849, when Rome was in the hands of demagogues, two very remarkable memoirs were addressed to the late Czar Nicholas. The author of these memoirs then held, and still holds, a high place in the ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg. His name, as every body now knows, is M. de Tutcheff.

These two memoirs were first communicated to a select number of readers in Germany. The first was entitled, “The Situation of Europe since February 1848,” and was brought to

the knowledge of the politicians of the west of Europe by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th of June 1849. The second treated of "the Papacy and the Roman question;" and was deemed so interesting, that the whole of it was reprinted in the same *Revue* for January 1, 1850. It may easily be imagined that the editors of that journal, always French in their principles, and at that time more western than ever, raised great objections against this memoir,—objections which were urged more vigorously by M. Eugène Forsard in the same *Revue* for April 1, 1854. The rupture of diplomatic relations, and the impending war, then led men to impute the most aggressive character to the designs of Russian politicians, both ancient and modern.

Still, in the memoir of M. de Tutcheff very decided advances were made towards the Catholics. He said, "Assuredly we cannot be accused of maintaining a paradox, or advancing a calumny, when we affirm that at the present day all the positive Christianity still remaining in the West is attached, either openly or by affinities more or less avowed, to Roman Catholicism, of which the Papacy, such as time has made it, is evidently the keystone and the condition of existence."

In another place he said, "The doctrinal differences which separate Rome and the orthodox Church are generally known. To the eye of reason these differences, though they may have been the motives of the separation, do not sufficiently explain the gulf that divides,—not the two Churches, for the Church is one,—but the two worlds, the two humanities, so to speak, which have ranged themselves beneath these two banners."

Once more: "Why should not Christians be allowed to hope that God will deign to give His Church strength proportionate to the new task He has set her? That at the approach of the coming conflict He will deign to restore to her the fullness of her powers; and that, for this very end, He will come in His own good time, with His own merciful hand, to heal that open wound in the side of His Church which men's hands inflicted, and which has been bleeding for eight centuries?"

"The orthodox Church has never despaired of this cure. She waits for it, she counts on it, not with confidence, but with certainty. How can that which is one in principle, which is one in eternity, fail to triumph over a temporary disunion? In spite of the separation of centuries, in spite of all human prejudices, she has always acknowledged that the Christian principle has never died out of the Church of Rome; that this principle has always been stronger within her than the errors or passions of men; and therefore she is convinced

that it will be too strong for all its enemies. She knows, moreover, that now, as of old, the Christian destinies of the West are still in the hands of Rome; and she confidently expects, that at the day of the great reunion she will restore this sacred deposit intact and uninjured."

And now that the unjust aversion of which Russia has been long the object has disappeared, men will ask how it was possible that such fair words found no echo among Catholics; nay, how they were even turned against Russia? It was because M. de Tutcheff assigned to his country and to his sovereign a noble and worthy part in *the great reunion*. He could not be forgiven for the concluding passage of his memoir: "Let me be allowed, in conclusion, to recall an incident of the visit of the Emperor of Russia to Rome in 1846. Men, perhaps, will still remember the general emotion with which his apparition in St. Peter's was received,—the apparition of the orthodox emperor, returned to Rome after an absence of so many centuries! They will still remember the electric movement which thrilled through the crowd when they saw him go and pray at the tomb of the Apostles. There was reason in this emotion. It was not the emperor alone that was prostrate there—all Russia was prostrate with him. Let us hope that his prayer before the sacred relics has not been vain."

The spectacle of a sister thus returning to her sister's house, and forgetting in tender embraces all past divisions, was not what was wanted then. For years the West had meditated on the humiliation of Russia. It was as a penitent that the orthodox Church was to present herself at Rome. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself assigned this position to Russia. On the other side, we need only call to mind certain conferences of F. Lacordaire against the Russian Church; the Abbé Rohrbacher's *History of the Church*, written, in all that concerns Russia, rather with the pen of Suetonius than with that of Eusebius; F. Theiner's *Schismatic Russian Church*, filled so full of gall by the author, and still more embittered by the translator, Mgr. Lucquet. The tone of all these works was insulting, the facts exaggerated most unfairly. If any Catholic before the war had dared to write in a different spirit, he would have been brought to the bar of public opinion as a favourer of schismatics and heretics.

From the day the war broke out, the partisans of the government of St. Petersburg have never ceased to declare, that among its happy results for Russia, the first would be to make her better known, and consequently more fairly appreciated. Since the peace, every day proves the truth of this prediction.

Even in religious matters, where the resistance is always most obstinate, the most unexpected changes are taking place.

Towards the middle of last year, M. Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant* at Paris, brought out a book entitled, *Will Russia become Catholic?** by F. J. Gagarin, of the Company of Jesus. This book would have been an impossibility before the war.

The author, a relation of the Russian Prince Gagarin, and formerly secretary to the Russian legations in London and Paris, is one who knows and loves his country, and even the orthodox Church in which he was baptised and educated; he has dared to throw down the gauntlet to all those passionate anti-Russian authors who have thought themselves bound to write about matters of which they knew little or nothing, and has offered his hand to M. de Tutcheff, and to all Russians who, like the Empress Catharine II. in her letter to Pius VI., speak of *the reconciliation of the two rites* as a thing *ardently desired*.

F. Gagarin speaks of the reconciliation with the same confidence as M. de Tutcheff. "It will take place sooner or later; because war cannot last for ever, and because peace is advantageous for every body."

He believes that there never was a time when circumstances were more favourable. "The Pontiff who now occupies the chair of St. Peter is animated with the most conciliatory disposition towards the East. The Russian Bishops are in their own Church favouring an imposing reaction against Protestant and Febronian tendencies. And lastly, when has there been on the throne of Russia a sovereign more capable of conducting such an enterprise to a successful issue?"

F. Gagarin thinks that the difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of this great work are rather accidental to it than substantial. He asks, "What is the real problem? To upset the whole religious organisation of Russia; and to establish a new faith, a new worship, a new clergy?" And he answers, "Not in the least." It is an answer worth noting in the mouth of a Catholic, especially of a Jesuit.

Our readers may here be reminded of the complaints of Holstenius, whose profound knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs led him, in the seventeenth century, to renounce Protestantism, and to embrace the Catholic religion. In a congregation of Cardinals, held in 1639, for reconciling the Greeks and Latins, this learned man had the boldness to declare that the deplorable quarrel which separates the Eastern and Western Churches is chiefly to be attributed to men whose disputa-

* *La Russe, sera-t-elle Catholique?*

tious vanity loves to make every thing a question of controversy; who judge rashly of things they know imperfectly, and instead of quoting Scripture, councils, and fathers, have nothing to offer but frivolous arguments.

F. Gagarin explains the reason why there can be no idea of upsetting the religious organisation of Russia. "In the eyes of Rome," he says, "the Russian Bishops are true Bishops, the Russian priests are true priests, who truly offer on their altars the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. The catechisms of the Russian Church present gaps rather than errors, and their deficiencies are completed and corrected by the offices of the oriental liturgy. The same must be said of the discipline of the Russian Church: we may lament some recent alterations; but, with these exceptions, the Roman Church is far from blaming the differences which exist between the discipline of the East and that of the West. There was a time when, in spite of all these differences of rite and of discipline, the East and the West formed but one Church, whose children were united together by the bonds of one selfsame faith and of one love. It is such a time which we wish to see restored. There is, then, evidently no question of the absorption of the Russian by the Latin Church; the thing sought is their reconciliation."

To smoothen the way to this reconciliation, F. Gagarin distinguishes between Latinism and Catholicity; and proves by a great number of acts of the Popes that there never will be a question about establishing Latinism or Latin usages in Russia.

But what guarantee has the author to give to the Easterns? Are the Papal acts which he quotes irrevocable? Will the Papal consulters, of whom Holstenius complained so bitterly, renounce their influence? Can we hope that the Pope would cut short their influence by a Bull like that by which Innocent XII. so utterly abolished nepotism?

If the Pope could be induced to publish a Bull obliging all cardinals before entering the conclave to take an oath that if they are raised to the tiara they will change nothing of the rites and usages of the Russian Church, except in cases of evident error, or with the consent of the majority of Russian Bishops and of the government, the work of reconciliation would be greatly advanced.

In making this declaration, we supply that which is wanting in F. Gagarin's first thesis, which he sums up in these words: "If the Russians were convinced that they might be Catholics without renouncing communion under two kinds, the use of leavened bread in Mass, their Slavonic liturgy,

and their married clergy, one of the greatest obstacles to the reconciliation of the Russian Church with the Holy See would be gone; but as long as they continue in the belief that Rome secretly intends to make them end in adopting the Latin rite, they will remain suspicious, and will not second any attempt at reunion."

In the succeeding chapters, F. Gagarin examines the motives which ought to make the Russians more desirous of consummating this work of reconciliation. He says first, "The Russian Church has need of independence; and there is no independence for her except by her reconciliation with the Holy See."

We are far from denying that a certain independence is the normal state of the Church; but we make bold to ask whether in the present transitional state of a great part of Russia this independence is desirable?

Omitting all reference to the East, let us take our examples from the Latin Church herself. Every body knows that the authority of Charlemagne over ecclesiastical affairs was such that he was called, even in his lifetime, the Bishop of Bishops, *Episcopus Episcoporum*, as the monk of St. Gall tells us. Two centuries later a still greater power was conferred by Pope Sylvester II. on St. Stephen, king of Hungary. That great Pope, whose knowledge drew down upon him in a barbarous age the accusation of magic, made St. Stephen his legate; and charged him, as Baronius himself admits, with the organisation and administration of the new churches of Hungary: *Ecclesias Dei una cum populo nostro nostrá vice ei ordinandas relinquimus*; and when, in 1418, Ladislaus, the king of Poland, and Vitold, grand duke of Lithuania, were on the point of invading Russia, Pope Martin V. in like manner made them his legates, and communicated to them an ecclesiastical authority superior to that of the Bishops, Archbishops, Primates, and even the Patriarchs. We omit other examples, which may be seen in F. Thomassin's *Discipline of the Church*; and we do not hesitate to say, that it is in no way contrary to the traditions of the Roman Church to invest a prince, in certain cases, with a large spiritual power.

F. Gagarin is far from denying this; he even lays down the principle that "the independence of the Church and its unity are not the same thing,"—a principle by which he overthrows the arguments of those exaggerated controversialists who, because the Church is not as free in Russia as it is in France or Belgium, would on that account impress on her brow the mark of schism and heresy.

F. Gagarin adds, that though the principle he has laid

down is evident, yet "it is no less true that, practically, unity and independence are preservatives of each other." As a general proposition, we have nothing to say against this assertion; but does it not admit of exceptions, and would not F. Gagarin have done well to speak of them? Who will say that the ecclesiastical power of Charlemagne and of St. Stephen was hurtful to the unity of the Church? Do not all Church historians enlarge upon the good wrought by these great sovereigns? F. Gagarin himself, in his account* of the Protestant Palmer on the Russian Church, owned that this Church had been preserved by external means from Donatism, or from the Anabaptist heresy, into which the rest of the East has fallen. And to whom is she indebted for this great service but pre-eminently to the influence of the Russian government?

It is therefore evident that this influence and authority may be sometimes useful; they may even, to a certain point, be necessary.

"What shall we say when we fix our eyes on those innumerable sects which the Russian clergy has shown itself unable to subdue? There is immense danger in that question. These sects present materials ready prepared for the secret societies; let a man like Tongatcheff or Mazzini arise, and then we shall see what terrible scourges these sects may become." These are the words of F. Gagarin himself. We quote them to fortify our observation, that till the Rascolnics are subdued, Russia will be in the same state as Germany in the eighth and ninth centuries, and as Hungary in the eleventh; a state which requires that a great authority in Church matters should be given to the emperor, and consequently that the Pope, if the reconciliation is even made, must be as liberal to the sovereigns of Russia as his predecessors were to Charlemagne and St. Stephen.

In his third chapter, F. Gagarin speaks of the advantages to accrue to the Russian clergy from the reconciliation of the two rites. In this chapter he more than once protests with great vigour against those western writers who have nothing but sarcasms for the Russian clergy. "The Russian clergy," he declares, "is not known: I will not say that it is perfect and irreproachable; but I maintain that it is calumniated, and that it is better educated and more moral than is generally allowed. . . . There are priests and monks and Bishops who are remarkable for their respect for the writings of the Fathers and for the ecclesiastical traditions, and who are zealous for the faith." And a little further on, "As I said be-

* See the *Univers* of 24th April 1853.

fore, it is a calumny to reproach the Russian clergy in such hard terms for its ignorance. However true it may have once been, they have now incontestably made remarkable progress in literature and theological knowledge. We may form an idea of the level they have attained by the works published by them within the last few years, which show a sensible improvement in ecclesiastical studies."

We are delighted to reproduce these noble words, because they must annihilate all those books and magazine-articles written by men as ignorant of the Russian language as of Russia itself.

We willingly subscribe to F. Gagarin's enumeration of the advantages which the Russian clergy would reap from the reconciliation. "The better educated the clergy, the more capable would it be of appreciating the advantages which would result from more frequent and more intimate communications with the West; the better would it comprehend how much it had to gain by drinking without distrust or stint of the theological fountains of the Latin Church without being obliged to forswear the treasures which it already possesses. With independence and learning, the Russian clergy will receive more consideration, and will be able to exert a more beneficial influence in the vast sphere of its action. By its reunion with Rome it loses nothing; it preserves all that it has now, and gains very much that it wants."

In his fourth chapter, F. Gagarin treats of the reunion of the two rites from a political point of view; and he puts the question in these terms, "Catholicity or revolution."

Undoubtedly the events of 1848 threatened all Europe; and if the revolution had been victorious in Hungary, it might have produced movements in some parts of Russia. It is also true that Russia contains heterogeneous elements, and that she is not without her share of men inclined to socialism.

But from these premises to extract the dilemma "Catholicity or revolution," is a somewhat violent process. We think, then, that F. Gagarin, if he thinks it necessary to consider the political aspect of the reconciliation, might find in his diplomatic reminiscences some better reasons than he has given in his last chapter.

But to recall the beautiful words of M. de Tutcheff, How is that which is one in principle, which is one in eternity, to triumph over its temporary disunion? How, above all, are we to get over the doctrinal differences which separate Rome from the orthodox Church?

F. Gagarin, who knows the doctrines of both Churches,

reduces these divergences to two: the procession of the Holy Ghost, and the authority of the Pope over the universal Church. He leaves to Mgr. Lucquet the honour of being the first to have erected into a heresy the doctrine of the mitigation of the pains of the damned.

He then makes a remark from which those Westerns who accuse the Russians of obstinacy and heresy may learn much; he tells them that the Russians have come to no definite decision with regard to the procession of the Holy Ghost and the primacy of the Pope, because these doctrines have not been defined in any council which they consider to be œcumenical. He adds, that in order that a council should be œcumenical, and therefore infallible in their eyes, the Eastern Bishops are not sufficient by themselves any more than the Westerns by themselves, but that the East and the West should take part in the synod; and then, according to their own principles, the Russians are ready to submit to the decisions of such an assembly. F. Gagarin develops at length this consideration, so new to the Westerns; and he concludes it in these terms: "I am the more anxious to exhibit thoroughly this aspect of the question, since, when once proved, it immediately shows the possibility of a reconciliation between the East and Rome."

The author thinks that there are no very great difficulties in the way of this council; because the contradiction, which is more apparent than real, more in words than in things, would easily disappear if properly explained. This view of matters is but a consequence of the declaration which he had made in the beginning, namely, that whatever may be wanting in the Russian catechism is abundantly supplied by the liturgy, as, indeed, is the case with all catechisms. It is equally in accordance with the views of M. de Tutcheff, who on his side proclaims that the orthodox Church, in spite of a separation for ages, and amidst all human prejudices, has never ceased to own that the Christian principle has always been preserved in the Roman Church. Truly when men on both sides, with full knowledge of the case, make such advances, explanations made in the spirit of peace and mutual esteem ought to be able to smooth away all difficulties.

Besides explanations, F. Gagarin speaks also of definitions. But will this satisfy all parties? May it not easily be made to appear a condemnation of one or the other side? We have more than once heard Russians say that this thorny path may be avoided; it would be sufficient to approve in a special manner some writings of the Greek and Latin Fathers, and some parts of the Oriental and Latin liturgies, as con-

taining the true teaching of the universal Church, and consequently the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

No; definitions are not necessary. And here we say, once for all, that if the Latins sincerely desire a reconciliation they must renounce their proud and imperious tone. Rome made this renunciation in presence of Napoleon I. in order to obtain the concordat of 1801, and thus to terminate her religious quarrels with France; let her recall this historical recollection, if she ever undertakes to treat with the Russian Church. Russia is worth as much as France.

This paper is enough to prove the tendencies and the hopes of a certain party in Russia. A short statistical account of the Oriental Church will serve to show the dangers which threaten that communion, and which drive so many of its best members to look wistfully to Rome as the place whence they must seek their remedy. Our facts are for the most part gathered from a very remarkable correspondence, dated from St. Petersburg, which has appeared at intervals in the *Journal de Bruxelles* since May last, and has attracted great attention in Belgium. We only hope that the subject it treats may excite a corresponding interest among the Catholics of this country. It will be seen that the great weakness of the Oriental Christians in general, and of the Russians in particular, arises from the want of a central living authority, which want can only be remedied by a reconciliation with the Holy See.

The orthodox Eastern Church comprehends all that great mass of oriental Christianity which is in union with the Four Patriarchs of the East and the Synod of St. Petersburg; for though among them there are differences on the validity of heretical baptism, on the canon of the Old Testament, on the power of the Sacraments independently of the dispositions of the minister, and on other points, yet they tolerate these opinions in one another, though they loudly condemn them in those with whom they are not in communion. Their union of faith is therefore rather political than religious; but, such as it is, this United Orthodox Oriental Church has 279 Bishops, who in their hierarchical organisation form a number of separate groups, with a constitution somewhat analogous to that of the German Confederation *minus* the Diet of Frankfort. It is not so much one Church as a confederation of ten independent Churches, if we can call that a confederation where there is no central power.

It is true that all these Churches recognise the supreme authority of a general council; but as, in their opinion, no general council has been assembled for a thousand years, and

as they are not agreed on the conditions required to make a council really œcumenic, we need not take any notice of this theoretic central power, which is evidently absent from their organisation. What would become of the German Confederation if the diet were prorogued, we will not say for a thousand years, but for a thousand days?

The 279 Bishops are, as we have said, divided into ten groups, very unequal in importance and in the number of Christians subject to them. This inequality is another feature that reminds us of the German Confederation—of the Prince of Reuss or of Waldeck by the side of the King of Prussia or the Emperor of Austria. Each of these ten groups, or Churches, is independent, just as each prince of the Confederation is sovereign. The comparison might be carried out into several other details; for which we have no time at present, as our object is to give a short statistical account of the different Churches.

1. The Church of Constantinople is governed by a Patriarch, who bears the title of *Most Holy Archbishop of Constantinople, New Rome, Œcumenical Patriarch*; he has under him 136 Bishops, of whom there are eleven in the three Danubian Principalities, four in Wallachia, three in Moldavia, four in Servia, seven in the Ionian Isles, and one at Venice. We all know that the Churches of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia are tending to make themselves independent of Constantinople; while in Bulgaria and Bosnia the Slavonic population is making the most energetic efforts to get rid of the Phanariot clergy. These efforts cannot long remain unsuccessful; and then doubtless we shall see five new independent churches, and the confederation will consist of fifteen instead of ten groups.

The population of the Ionian Isles, being of Greek race, does not tend to the same kind of independence as the Slavonians and Roumanic race. But it ardently desires the incorporation of the Republic of the Seven Islands with the kingdom of Greece; and if this event were to happen, doubtless the seven Bishops would recognise the authority of the Synod of Athens in preference to that of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

2. Next comes the Church of Alexandria, with its five Bishops under the *Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the great city of Alexandria, of all Egypt and Pentapolis, of Libya and Æthiopia, Pope and Judge Œcumenical*. His titles are as great as his jurisdiction is small; although his patriarchal chair is at Alexandria, he habitually resides at Cairo.

3. The Church of Antioch still numbers seventeen Bi-

shops. Its chief bears the title of *Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the City of God, Antioch, Syria, Arabia, Cilicia, Iberia, Mesopotamia, and all the East, Father of Fathers and Pastor of Pastors*.

4. The Church of Jerusalem has fourteen Bishops; the Patriarch is called, *the Blessed and Holy Patriarch of the Holy City of Jerusalem, of Palestine, Syria, Arabia beyond Jordan, Cana, Galilee, and Holy Sion*.

5. The Russian Church has sixty-six Bishops, governed by *the Most Holy Synod directing all the Russias*.

6. The Isle of Cyprus counts four Bishops, under *the Blessed and Holy Bishop of New Justiniana, and of all the Isle of Cyprus*. This see is at Nicosia.

7. The Orientals in the Austrian dominions have eleven Bishops, who acknowledge the supremacy of *the Blessed and Holy Archbishop of Tarlowatz, Metropolitan*. This prelate took the opportunity of the troubles of 1848 to assume the title of *Patriarch*, which he has kept ever since.

8. The Church of Mount Sinai has only one Bishop, *the Blessed Archbishop of Sinai*, who resides in Princes' Isle.

9. The Church of Montenegro likewise has but one Bishop, called *Metropolitan of Scauderia and the Sea-shore, Archbishop of Cetigua, Exarch of the Holy See of Ipek, Lord of Montenegro and of Berda*. He had formerly both spiritual and temporal power; he has quite recently been totally deprived of the latter.

10. The Hellenic Church, in the kingdom of Greece, numbers twenty-four Bishops, governed by the *Holy Hellenic Synod of Athens*.

The Patriarch of Constantinople long pretended to exercise authority over all these Churches; and it is only by a series of religious insurrections, and by successive dismemberings, that these ten Churches have acquired their independence. The Church of Constantinople seems to follow the destinies of the Turkish empire; each nationality, as it awakes to freedom, and seeks to shake off the Ottoman yoke, wishes also to establish a national independent Church. It is a hard thing to say, but it is no less true, that the sultan has been for centuries, not only the tyrant, but also the saviour of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. This arm of flesh is now failing: doubtless the Phanariots will seek and will find expedients; but expedients have never more than a temporary effect, and every body sees that they are in the way to have as many patriarchates as provinces.

There is, then, one problem that ought to engage the anxious consideration of every one belonging to the Eastern com-

munion. In the organisation of their Church there is a void which the most inattentive eyes must perceive; there is no central power: and yet such a power is most urgently required when the spirit of dismemberment and division makes most progress. But how are they to constitute such a power? What form are they to give it? On what foundation to build it?

Some would fain dream of an Oriental Papacy, having jurisdiction over all Churches of that communion, and independent of every temporal power. Others would have a permanent synod, consisting of representatives of all these Churches. Others would prefer the periodical assembling of a great œcumenical council; and some would give the Oriental Church the cohesion which it wants by placing it under the protectorate of the czars.

But there is an easier mode of resolving the problem than any of these. Only let the Eastern Church reconcile herself with Rome on the old basis, and the thing is done. Ever since the schism she has been ill at ease; she has never found in her organisation the means of remedying her difficulties. She has only to return to that which was for centuries the salvation of the whole Church, and which is still the salvation of the West; she has only to acknowledge the primacy of honour and jurisdiction which all antiquity recognised in the See of Rome.

The Russian Church is being eaten away by the same cancer that afflicts the Church of Constantinople; they are both being punished by that wherein they have sinned. The schism of Constantinople was defended on several pretexts; the procession of the Holy Ghost, the use of unleavened bread, the celibacy of the clergy, strangled meat, the reckoning of the forty days of Lent, the Saturday's abstinence, the shaving of priests' beards, and the like, were all represented as heresies, and as legitimate motives of schism.

The progress of the schism of the Rascolnics and Staroveres, who separate themselves on similar pretexts, is now in turn exciting the greatest alarm in Russia. The deliberations of the commission established at St. Petersburg to combat the progress of Rascolnicism, so far from having any result, have only made this sect, or rather assemblage of sects, spread more and more every day. Siberia, the Ural, and all the Cossacks, have fallen from the Russian Church in communion with the Holy Synod. At the east of the empire the whole population is falling away village by village. The sectaries already number fifteen millions, according to the estimate made by persons well acquainted with this general apostasy.

Among the many causes that have contributed to this deplorable state of things, is the fact that the Staroveres, who reject the liturgy as corrected by the Patriarch Nikon, have obtained a Bishop, and consequently priests. Hereby the principal cause of their weakness is destroyed, they can now take the form of a Church as well as the orthodox communion itself; hereby also the great argument employed against them by the Metropolitan of Moscow is annihilated: "The true Church is essentially episcopal; but you have no Bishops, therefore you are not the true Church."

It is strange that one of the ten Churches which form the pretended union should have assisted these sectaries to gain such a position; yet so it is. The Greek Bishops of the Austrian empire had sufficient easiness of conscience to make this unjustifiable ordination. Up to this time the Starovere Bishop has not entered Russia; he has fixed his residence in the Bukovina, where he has ordained several priests, six of whom have been sent to Russia. Of these, two have been apprehended by the Russian government, and sent to Siberia; the other four are still at large, and will doubtless soon receive reinforcements, if they are not already sent.

Another effect of this Starovere Bishop's residence in Austria is, that the Russian sectaries are beginning to emigrate into that country; quite recently 30,000 emigrants have crossed the frontier.

To show how surely and with what scrupulous exactitude states are punished according to their sin, we may as well recall a similar evil office that Russia performed for Poland in 1620. The non-united Christians were then without Bishops; they had nothing left but to become Catholics, when by the intrigues of Russia, Theophanes, the pretended Patriarch of Jerusalem, restored the schismatic episcopate at Kief. It is with no satisfaction that we mention this; this schism from a schism is certainly no approach towards Catholicity.

We see, then, that as the spirit of nationality, which breaks out with new power now the Ottoman empire, which so long compressed it, is relaxing its grasp, is the canker of the Eastern Church in general, so Rascolnicism is the canker of the Russian Church in particular.

The greatness of the evil requires an adequate remedy. Different parties in Russia propose different nostrums; and among all these opposing currents of opinion, the idea of renewing the ancient union with Rome gains ground, especially among persons near the throne, not to say on the throne itself. We have the most positive assurances that the government is occupied with this question; there is a talk of memoirs writ-

ten on different sides by order of the government; the providential course of things which draws together the French and Russian governments and nations strikes every one; the almost complete destruction of the Protestant spirit in the Russian Church is another sign: the uneasiness, even the dangers into which the Russian Church is thrown by the Rascolnics in general, and by the Staroveres in particular, make them look anxiously round for a plank of safety, and force many persons to hope from Old Rome the aid which New Rome is evidently unable to give. These and several other circumstances stir-up in many Russian hearts the same wishes which Pius IX. tried to inspire in the beginning of his pontificate by his letter to the Orientals. The idea of a reconciliation with Rome gains ground in Russia, and probably before long politicians will have reason to become aware of the fact.*

WAS CAMPION A TRAITOR TO HIS BRETHREN?

It is strange and sad to have to put a question of this kind concerning a person whom we feel impelled, in spite of all doubts, to venerate as a saint and a martyr. Yet it is a question that must be considered; for it has been asked, and answered in the affirmative, not only by the Protestant persecutors who put Campion and his companions to death, but also by his greatest admirers, by many of his contemporary biographers, and by the whole series of Catholic historians since his day. Father Parsons, his companion, admits the fact, though he excuses it and explains it away. An eye-witness of his martyrdom puts an apology into his mouth, and makes him under the gallows beg the pardon of those who had been compromised by his confession, "desiring all them to forgive him whose names he had confessed upon the rack; for upon the commissioners' oaths that no harm should come unto them, he uttered some persons with whom he had been." Bishop Challoner acquiesces in the charge; Lingard allows it, though, as we shall see farther on, he ought to have perceived the hopeless inconsistency of the account given in his text with the dates furnished by the authorities quoted in his notes; and now our last Catholic historian repeats the cuckoo cry, and Mr. Flanagan thus mildly announces that which, if true,

* Does not the transfer of M. de Rayneval, late French ambassador at Rome, to St. Petersburg point this way, especially since the Austrian government has made the like change?

certainly deserves a harsher condemnation in a person of Campion's standing and pretension:

"Once only did he show some want of firmness (if, indeed, we may so judge him). The commissioners swore that if he told the names of some persons with whom he had been, no harm should fall upon them. If not, Campion ought to have reasoned, why were the commissioners so anxious about them? and ought to have remained silent, for fear of exposing the innocent to suffering. Being, however, himself of an amiable turn of mind, and hearing their solemn protestation, he revealed the names of several."

Lame excuse for an inexcusable act! Or shall we say, Unhappy carelessness of historians, who find it less troublesome to admit good-naturedly a hoary libel, and to patch up the hole that it makes with the first materials that come to hand, than laboriously to collate accounts, to seek for new documents, and to expose the inveterate lies which have hitherto been far too easily received?

In saying this, we are not blaming Mr. Flanagan,—he has conscientiously compiled from the usual sources a history of the Catholic Church in England; we only affirm that these *usual* sources are sources of much error, and that if any one wishes to relate the real history of our body, he must give himself up to the labour of original research. This absurd story about Campion's weakness is a case in point; and it is moreover one where no very deep digging is required to show the plain forgery of the whole charge.

The story was this: Campion was captured July 17, 1581, together with two other priests, and some thirty gentlemen and others, his companions. They were taken to London, and thrown into the Tower, and into other prisons, where they were carefully secured against all communication with the world outside. No one knew what they were doing, except by the reports which the prison-keepers or the government chose to spread. After a while, the Catholics were horrified with the story that Campion had apostatised, had gone to church, had committed suicide. These reports were afterwards contradicted; but a more probable one was soon spread about, that he had confessed the names of those at whose houses he had been received and entertained. This rumour gained consistence and an appearance of truth from the events that occurred: almost all that had entertained Campion in the various counties (and a good many also that had not entertained him) were apprehended and cast into prison, on his evidence, as they were told. And so the report of what we must call his treachery to his friends came to be believed by

many of the poor sufferers, and by those who lived in the midst of the turmoil of conflicting reports.

Spectators from a distance, however, saw more clearly. "If the persecutors," says Father Louis of Grenada, "discovered and convicted any principal Catholic, they pretended it was by Campion's confession, to make him odious." And though, he says, they often pretended this in cases where it must have been false, yet as in many of the cases it was very probable, these latter only were observed, and the former forgotten: like prophecies, a man may make fifty false ones, and we take no notice; if he makes one true, then we are all attention. It was also observed, that the very rumour of Campion's having confessed all was by itself of a nature to make those likely to be compromised discover themselves; they would be thoroughly frightened, and would be casting about for all means of safety. And so it was: some, who fancied themselves implicated, fled; others concealed themselves, and so betrayed themselves. They were taken up on speculation, and charged with entertaining and comforting Campion as if on his own confession. They thought it all up with them, and so confessed every thing; and thus Campion was discredited, and the queen's treasury was enriched with an outrageous fine.

But the English Catholics in the midst of their sufferings could not take this calm view of matters; the lies that they heard so constantly were at last believed; of the dirt that was thrown so plentifully, some stuck. Campion was believed to have betrayed them, yet they could not suppose that he was a traitor; though they were suffering, as they fancied, through him, yet they could not persuade themselves it was by his fault,—his character stood too high for that, the "gem of Christendom" was of too pure water to be suspected of such a flaw. Yet there, as they thought, was the ugly fact, for which they had to apologise and account as well as they could. Hence the admissions of contemporary chroniclers, who, not content with giving their own explanation of the matter out of their own heads, must needs, after the fashion of Thucydides, forge speeches for their hero, and make him utter their words as his own. Such was the theory of historians in those days—to fill-up the voids between their scanty data with their own suppositions, to which they attributed as great an authenticity as to the historical facts. When a difficulty arose, they formed their own theory as to its proper explanation; and then, instead of giving this merely as their own theory, they put it into the mouth of the historical personage, and made it his own. This they had learned from Thucydides and Livy; it was the re-

ceived style. We cannot blame the writers; we only mention it as the explanation of much which would else be inexplicable in the contemporary biographers of Campion.

For example, at the trial of Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, and others, for comforting Campion, November 14, 1581,* “a letter was produced, said to be intercepted, which Mr. Campion should seem to write to a fellow-prisoner of his, namely, Mr. Pound, wherein he did take notice that by frailty he had confessed some houses where he had been; which now he repented him, and desired Mr. Pound to beg him pardon of the Catholics therein, saying that in that he only rejoiced that he had discovered *no things of secret*.” Now what is the meaning of this expression? Those who believed that Campion had really betrayed persons who were before unknown, and who without his confession might have escaped, could not give the very obvious meaning, namely, that he had told nothing that had not been known before—that he had revealed nothing that was a secret to the commissioners; they had therefore to furnish another explanation, and instead of giving it as their own, they must needs put it into Campion’s own mouth, and insert it in his dying speech. “Farther, he declared the meaning of a letter sent by himself to Mr. Pound, in which he wrote that he would not disclose the secrets of some houses where he had been entertained, affirming upon his soul that the secrets he meant were not matters of treason, but saying Mass, hearing confessions, and the like.”†

Now in spite of this speech, which the “eye-witness” of Campion’s death in true historiographical style puts into his mouth, we assert that Campion said nothing of the kind; that if he had said it, he would have told a lie, because, in matter of fact, he did not betray a single Catholic. The only thing he did was this: when his companions confessed where they had been with him, and how long they had stopped at each place, and what they had done there, and when this circumstantial and detailed account was shown to Campion on the rack, then, seeing that it was *no secret*, he owned its truth. But when they racked him to tell what they did not know,—at whose houses he had been in the intervals which they could not fill up from other persons’ confessions,—then the holy martyr “would confess no place of their being but at inns.”

The only copy that we have found of what purports to be Campion’s confession carries this explanation on its very front. It is to be seen among the Burghley papers in the British Museum (Lansdowne, vol. xxx. no. 78). It first states that

* See *Rambler* for January 1857.

† Challoner, *Missionary Priests*, vol. i. p. 76.

Campion confessed being at the houses of Lord Vaux, Sir Thomas Tresham, and Sir William Catesby, in the summer of 1580, where he was not. After this the paper consists of several paragraphs, all headed with certain names, which were those of the young gentlemen who conducted Campion about. These young men were a kind of lay missionaries, whom the fathers were obliged to employ according to the tenor of the instructions which they brought with them (a copy of which we have been fortunate enough to find in the archives of the kingdom of Belgium at Brussels). They were never to treat directly with heretics, but to procure the assistance of Catholics, who were to endeavour to convert their friends; when they saw them inclined to be fair and to listen to reason, the inquirers were to be introduced to the Jesuit father to be fully instructed and received, though even then the fathers were not to allow themselves to be known as Jesuits. Parsons and Campion founded a confraternity for this purpose as soon as they arrived in England, and this organisation enabled them to make the astonishing number of 20,000 conversions in thirteen months. But to return to the pretended confession. We will copy out enough of the document to show that it can only bear the interpretation we put on it.

"Henry Perpoynt, Esq., Jervys Perpoynt, Esq.

Campyon [confesseth] that he was there all last Christmas, and stayed there until the Tuesday after Twelfth-day, brought thither by Jervys Perpoynt. *Confessed by both the Perpoynts.* He said Masses, and confessed Jervys every week once.

Henry Sacheverell, Esq.

Campyon [confesseth] that he was there about the Wednesday after Twelfth-day last, tarried there one night. *Confessed by Mr. Sacheverell;* and that he said one Mass."

And so on, the confession of some one else being added to that of Campion. So that by these entries it is impossible to tell which confessed first: whether Campion was the traitor, on whose information his entertainers were apprehended; or whether they were caught by chance and compelled to confess, their confession being afterwards shown to Campion, and owned by him as true when he saw that all was known. For assuredly he was not bound to suffer the tortures of the rack in order to conceal that which was no secret. But an entry that occurs shortly after takes away all uncertainty.

"Ayiers of the Stipte, gent.

Jervis Perpoynt [confesseth] that he brought Campyon thither about the Monday se'nnight after Twelfth-day last, where they met

with Tempest by former appointment; after which, Campyon confesseth he went northwards with Tempest, and that they kept company together about nine days, *and will confess no place of their being but at inns.*"

Burghley either could not catch Tempest, or else found him too stout to force a confession from. Campion was upon the rack, and they tried to make him say where he had been and where he had lodged while in Tempest's company. But they could not show him that the places were known to them. Where he and Tempest had been was still "a thing of secret," and he would reveal no secret; so obstinate was he, that Lord Hunsdon declared that "it was easier to rack the man's heart out of his body than a word out of his mouth."

This conviction arises *à priori* in our mind after once reading over Campion's pretended confession. Our conviction attains the degree of a demonstrated truth after the following evidence:

1. Campion's confession is owned to have been "at the rack." "The evidence read (against Lord Vaux, Tresham, and the rest) was a confession of Mr. Campion's *at the rack.*"* Now we find by Rishton's diary in the Tower, and other authorities, that Campion was racked altogether only three times, twice before August 31st, and once on the 31st of October. Now this latter date is too late to assign as that of the alleged confession, as by that time many of the parties said to have been betrayed by it were already in prison on the charge. Therefore it remains that the alleged confession must be dated before the 31st of August. And this deduction is rendered quite certain by documentary evidence; for instance, there is a letter of Lord Huntingdon, Lord President of the North, to Burghley, the original of which may be seen in the Lansdowne Mss. (vol. xxxiii. no. 8.) It is dated "York, *this 18th of August 1581,*" and contains these words, "What I may be able to perform touching the contents of my lord's letters concerning those things which Campion *hath confessed,* your lordship shall have as soon as may be. I dare assure your lordship that *some things* which I see he hath confessed be true." Here we see that the alleged confession was made before the 18th of August, and that it contained such evident contradictions that Huntingdon could only dare affirm that *some things* in it were true; the rest, of course, being manifest lies. There is another letter, quoted by Lingard from Digges,† and dated August 10th: "We have gotten from Campion knowledge of all his peregrination in England—Yorkshire,

* Report of Trial: see *Rambler* for January 1857.

† Lingard, Elizabeth, Hist., vol. vi. p. 338, 5th edit.

Lancashire, Denbigh, Northampton, Warwick, Bedford, Buckingham, &c. We have sent for his hosts in all countries." Moreover, the account of the trial of Lord Vaux and the rest dates Campion's confession "the — of August last." It is therefore abundantly evident that this confession was made or forged in the month of August.

2. But was it made by Campion at all? On the contrary, we are in a position to demonstrate that Campion had made no such confession before the 31st of August. Rishton, in his *Diary of the Tower*, at that date makes the following entry: "Campion, having been twice stealthily racked, is brought out, with the priests and Catholic laymen imprisoned with him, without any preparation whatever, to dispute with the heretics in the public chapel of the Tower, on condition that he was to allege no argument whatever for the Catholic faith, but only answer the objections of the ministers. Afterwards there were two or three other disputations, at the request of the nobles; but quite private, and not public as before, because the heretics had perceived that their cause had been no little injured by the former disputes." Two years and one month after Campion's martyrdom, and two years and four months after the first of these conferences, the Protestant ministers who took part in them published their own account of what was said and done there, in a small quarto volume, entitled, *A true Report of the Disputation, or rather Private Conference, had in the Tower of London with Ed. Campion, Jesuite, the last of August 1581. Set down by the reverend learned men themselves that dealt therein. Whereunto is joined also a true Report of the other three days' Conferences had there with the same Jesuit, which now are thought meet to be published in print by authority. Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queen's most excellent majesty, Januarie 1, 1583 (1584 new style).*

This authoritative report was put out in order to do away with the idea that had been current for two years, that Campion had beaten all his opponents. Nowell and Day, the Deans of St. Paul's and Windsor, his opponents in the first disputation, "trust that by this true relation" (put forth, it is true, more than two years after Campion's death, but still written from notes taken at the time) "all Catholics that have any spark of shamefastness left will be made to blush for Master Campion's sake, being so manifestly deprehended in so many lies so braggingly advouched." Their arguments descend to such mere personalities as whether Campion could read Greek or no; whether he had really read the books he quoted; whether twenty years before he were not a beggarly scholar

at the Blue-Coat School; and so on. No opportunity of casting discredit upon him is allowed to pass. "Surely," write the very reverend deans, "we do think ourselves, and may say in truth, that if we had been so openly convicted so many ways and in such sort as Master Campion was, we should while we lived be ashamed to show our faces." The object of the book is to show up Campion as a bragging and boastful liar. Not a stone is left unturned where there is any possibility of damaging his moral character or his intellectual ability. If the deans could have shown that he was a traitor to his brethren, there would have been no measure to their voluminous blateration on so damaging a theme.

According to this report, Nowell and Day began the dispute by demanding of Campion what he meant by "charging the queen's majesty's most merciful government with cruelty and torments practised upon his fellows in religion? Whereunto he answered, that he was punished for religion himself, and had been twice on the rack; and that racking was more grievous than hanging, and that he had rather choose to be hanged than racked." After some replies from the two deans, "Master Lieutenant" of the Tower, Sir Owen Hopton, "being present, said, that he had no cause to complain of racking, who had rather seen than felt the rack; and admonished him to use good speech, that he gave not cause to be used with more severity. . . . Besides this, Master Beale, one of the clerks of her majesty's privy council," who, with another named Norton, who was also there, and Owen Hopton, had presided over Campion's racking, "being by chance present, demanded of him before all the company there assembled whether that, being on the rack, he were examined upon any point of religion or no. Whereunto he answered, that he was not indeed directly examined of religion, but moved to confess in what places he had been conversant since his repair into the realm.

"Master Beale said, that this was required of him because many of his fellows, and by likelihood he himself also, had reconciled divers of her highness's subjects to the Romish Church, and had attempted to withdraw them from their obedience due to their natural prince and sovereign.

"Whereunto he answered, that forasmuch as the Christians in old time, being commanded to deliver up the books of their religion to such as persecuted them, refused to do so, and misliked with them that did so, calling them *traditores*, he might not betray his Catholic brethren, which were (he said) the temples of the Holy Ghost."

Listen to this; before that vast assembly of the highest

nobility of the country, Catholic and Protestant; in the presence of the three men who had presided over his racking, and who must have written down any confession that he made, he answers: "In old days they were called traitors who only betrayed the dead books of their religion; how much more should I be a traitor if I had betrayed my brethren, the living temples of the Holy Ghost!" Now if he had done so, if he had made any such confession as was alleged, would he have dared to make such an answer? Would not Hopton, and Norton, and Beale, and Nowell, and Day have turned round upon him at once, and said, "Then by your own confession you are a traitor, for you have betrayed your brethren; and here is your act of treason signed by your own hand"? But no such answer was made.

"But it was replied by Master Beale, that it was convenient in policy for the prince to understand what such as were sent from the Bishop of Rome (her majesty and the realm's mortal enemy) did within her dominions; and to know her foes from her faithful subjects, specially in such a time as this wherein we live; and that this inquiry did not touch the cause of religion. After this we came to the matter of his book."

Campion's answer is that of a man who not only knows that he refused to make any confession whatever, but who is also utterly ignorant that he is suspected of having made such. There is no denial of his having done so, for there is nothing to deny; there is no accusation that he knows of. But there is the most natural and open assumption of perfect innocence from any such a stain; and a denunciation of the heinousness of the sin such as no man would have made in the presence of enemies whom he knew to be conscious of his having committed it. It is morally, almost physically impossible, that Campion should both have been a traitor, and should have made such a reply as is here attributed to him.

On the 31st of August, then, Campion had made no confession; yet the confession which was put about as Campion's was then in existence. This confession was, therefore, a forgery. Moreover it was put about by Lord Burghley, the prime minister, and the other officials of the government, who are thus implicated in the felony. Further, as we have proved that Campion certainly had not confessed any thing when it was said he had, and when a confession said to be his was carried about, there is no ground for suspicion that he afterwards made any confession; for he is only accused of having acted this treacherous part previously to the 31st of August. The pretended confession, on which Lord Vaux, Tresham,

Catesby, and others, were condemned, was dated "in August last;" the letter of Huntingdon fixes its date before August 18th; that quoted by Lingard in his notes* fixes it before August 10th. Yet in spite of this Lingard, in his text, has unaccountably written that "the second time Campion suffered the torture" (and he gives in the margin the date October 31, which was the date of his *third* racking) "he made disclosures which he deemed of no importance;" the truth being, that from first to last he disclosed *nothing of secret*, nothing which was not abundantly manifest without his confession. This, of course, was no disclosure at all; yet when Poundes, who had heard, and partly believed the reports of his weakness, wrote to him to know if he had really acted the traitor, his tender conscience reproached him even for this entirely indifferent act, which all our martyrs allowed themselves to do; he begged pardon for having simply confessed the names of his entertainers, even when otherwise well known, and by their own confession; he protested that he had told nothing of secret; and he declared that, "come rack, come rope," his persecutors should not get another word out of him that they could in any way make use of. Campion was too stout a confessor, too glorious a martyr, to need such lame excuses as Mr. Flanagan makes for him; we have cited the Protestant false witnesses to give testimony against him, and the witnesses have convicted each other of falsehood. The account of the conference, published by authority, and written by his deadly enemies, gives the lie to all those false charges which Burghley and his minions so industriously spread about the holy martyr, and to which the poor persecuted Catholics managed to give more colour than they deserved by their injudicious explanations and apologies. The just man is acquitted by the mouth of his persecutors, *et mentita est iniquitas sibi*.

Reviews.

ROUGH NOTES ON RUSKIN.

The Elements of Drawing, &c. By John Ruskin.

It is a horrible completeness of conquest that leaves no parcel of an invaded country at liberty, and puts every man into the

* Loco citato.

chains of slavery. It seems as if our days were to witness the pretensions of the evil spirit to all the pleasures which are in reality the *powers* of this world. Perhaps there may be great struggles coming on, great periods of combat for the Church—the natural antagonist of evil—in preparation; for which it will be necessary that the faithful should have been reminded that a Christian is never safe but in suffering, and that the mental or bodily pleasures in which human nature takes delight, though occasionally lawful for the consolation of our weakness, do not belong to the dominion of a crucified Master. There have been for ages domains of intellectual joy apparently left by the policy, or negligence, or necessities of the prince of this world, "*tenebrarum harum*," to the exclusive use of the true religion—certain achievements, mysteries, and effects of art that had come to be considered sacred, so exclusively had they been applied to sacred purposes by appealing to sacred feelings. From this have arisen in our own days the errors of persons who believed that the revival of certain forms and fashions would lead to the revival of the high principles that were connected with them in former periods of the world. The warning against this error is found in another fact of our days, that all these hitherto exclusively religious *effects*,—as we will call them, for want of a better word,—whether in architecture, music, painting, eloquence, or other arts, have been appropriated to popular and secular purposes. No perishing soul need now incur the inconvenience of remorse and repentance by being touched with the impressiveness of an ecclesiastical ceremony. If he wants to see it "well done," he has every thing short of High Mass at the opera. He is in no peril of being moved by an ideal picture of our Blessed Lord, he can see Mario got up exactly like Leonardo's Christ. He may escape the melting mood of Holy Week in the Sistine Chapel, for he can grow familiar with all phrases of religious music at oratorios, and sit as a most unmoved spectator of the tears of our Blessed Lady dramatised by Rossini without any thought but of an evening's entertainment. Yet a little more, and we shall have excursion-trains to Calvary. In this stage of dilettante degradation and sentimental decrepitude, it was not to be expected that the queen of all human arts, to whom it is given in her language of love to utter thoughts too delicate and spiritual to be conveyed in gross words, should escape unappropriated by the spirit of the world. The power of painting, as the book of the unlearned,—not only of the unlearned who cannot *read*, but of the more unlearned who cannot *think*, and of the greatest of all fools, those who cannot *feel*,—is too

unquestionable to be ignored, and too invincible to be argued away. It has been necessary, therefore, to invent a false semblance of art to discredit the true one, and to lead astray those who might have benefited by it, just as mesmerism has become the counterfeit of miracles and fanaticism of religion. There has therefore arisen in this our day a sect of painters affecting the formalities and fashions of the early religious art without a particle of its sublime feeling, who play in modern exhibitions the same character that the Puritans did in the political and religious history of the seventeenth century. In the nomenclature of our age, they should be called the *Methodists of art*. They are immense precisians, see every thing at the end of their nose, are great about a dead leaf or a deal-shaving, and take exactly the same view of the world as the fly in the fable did of the inside of St. Paul's dome. They not only affect to be able to see the panorama inside of their millstone more profoundly than any one else, but scout the idea that there is any thing worth viewing outside of it. We should naturally expect to find such painters aping the fashions and the weaknesses of semi-barbarous periods, when heraldic colours and conventionalities were the poison of art; systematically repudiating grace, beauty, and perspective; defiant of all tradition or authority; deliberately rebellious to the natural or religious feeling that partly corrected the style, as it ennobled the inspirations, of the old masters, and making a horrible mess of their work when they approach religious art. Accordingly we find there is just as much difference between their pictures and those of the ancient school, whose resurrectionists they aspire to be, as there is between a real saint and one of the canting covenanting Roundheads of the civil wars. We need only remind our readers of two of their most flagrant works, little short of blasphemy in their conception, which appeared some years ago in the Exhibition. One was Millais's illustration of one of the most touching passages in Scripture, referring to the sufferings of our Lord: "What are these wounds in Thy hands? With these I was wounded in the house of them that loved Me." The highest interpretation he could put on this passage was, that our Blessed Lord must have cut His fingers in the workshop of St. Joseph; and his noble illustration was a careful study of deal-shavings and other accessories of a carpenter's shop, among which was an exceedingly ill-favoured young Praise-God-Barebones crying for sticking-plaster, after having incurred the proverbial consequences of playing with edge-tools. For high art, in any sense of the term, this picture was immeasurably inferior in either

execution or design to the popular print of the "Cut Foot;" and it makes one shudder to imagine it could have been meant to be allied with a religious idea, and put forward as an improvement on the manifest meaning of the sacred text. This was followed some time after by Hunt's still more scandalous illustration of our Blessed Saviour's words: "I am the light of the world." This was so monstrous, that it required the publication of a passionate panegyric by Mr. Ruskin to endeavour to rescue it from the very just indignation and disgust which it excited even among the spectators at the London Exhibition. We can testify that the sensation it produced afterwards at the Paris Exhibition was no less mingled with scorn, ridicule, and horror. No language of reprobation could be strong enough to condemn this abominable caricature. The whole conception of the subject was neither more nor less than that of a watchman (not of the soberest) carrying a lantern! It is utterly impossible to trust oneself to comment on such a design, identified, alas, too well with the subject by the crown of thorns. It was irreverently imagined, and foully painted. A Jack-o'-lantern, a glowworm, a gas-company, Theseus's suggestion in "Pyramus and Thisbe," that the man should be in the lantern,—any thing would have been quite as poetical and quite as respectful as this. The artist who could conceive such an illustration probably thinks of the Day of Judgment as ushered in with "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning." Such are they who scoff at *the religionists of Overbeck's school*; such are the results of Pre-Raphaelitism.

These Puritans of painting are marshalled, heralded, and trumpeted by Mr. John Ruskin; a painter's pursuivant who has all the cant and truculence of the Cromwell of art, and marches truncheon, or at least pen, in hand as their lord-protector. So meretricious a muse as theirs naturally requires a bully; and they have found a very efficient one. He has great power of language; and being as well read in the slang, and perhaps doctrines, of art, as old Noll was in the Bible, he uses his knowledge in much the same spirit. True art, whatever its method of working, whatever language it speaks in, whatever subject it discourses on—sacred, profane, domestic, or natural—is the expression of love. Ruskin's whole spirit is that of scorn, hatred, and all uncharitableness. He would compel us to love what he deems the proper objects for our consideration, as Cromwell and his soldiers would have enforced the Gospel of Peace with a blunderbuss at our ears and a dagger at our throats. His is the very spirit and tone of Sir Anthony Absolute, commanding admiration

for his Pre-Raphaelite *protégé*: “Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull in Cox’s museum; she shall have the skin of a mummy [your true Pre-Raphaelite complexion!] and the beard of a Jew;—she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.”

Flesh and blood cannot stand this; and we confess, the whole time we read any of Ruskin’s works, we have a strong inclination growing upon us to protest that we would rather run the risk of being wrong than agree with one who has such an impertinent coxcombical way of announcing even the most trite and undeniable truths, as if they belonged to him by right of discovery, and he was sure you intended to deny them all. Providence, however, has mercifully interposed to save us from the temptation; for though all his opinions are pronounced as if they were gospel, and dissent is threatened with as fearful a vengeance as if all his readers were naughty school-boys, and he their master, he has the saving gift of mixing up his real truths with so much nonsense that truth and error seem to be equally without value in his eyes, except as materials to aggravate his self-conceit and irritate every one else. Rather than not be in a state of continual fury and fighting, he will startle you with the most absurd and contradictory challenges to your common sense, and all that is most venerable and certain in the traditions of art, and in the science that artists have accumulated; and while he orders you to believe that there are no outlines in existence, and sees in Nature nothing but a thing of shreds and patches of colour, will discourse like a gipsy about lines of life and lines of thought, and such-like cant, and refer you for the utmost perfection of lines to Tintoret, whose lines were chiefly inspired by the veins in alabaster, and Turner, whose aim was to supersede all outline, and paint an idea in colour with as little form as possible. The book before us might as well have been called the Catechism of the Pre-Raphaelite school. It is Mr. Ruskin’s recipe for making a Pre-Raphaelite; and though art is so various, and the genius that makes an artist so magnetic of the truth it seeks, that no system that will make a youth study art in any kind of way can *prevent* his becoming an artist if he perseveres, this seems the most unlikely method of teaching or helping him that we have ever met with. This teacher’s tone of speaking of or to children is about as genial as that of Bumble giving a lecture in a charity-school; and his despotic Cromwellian spirit is pretty

well illustrated by his announcement (p. 55): "I never allow my own pupils to ask the reason of any thing." Now, inasmuch as the essential rules of art are exceedingly few and simple, and the highest art, divested of the cant and pretended mysticism in which writers like Mr. Ruskin love to envelop it, is the simplest thing to explain, though not the easiest to do that can be, it gives one an irresistible conviction that Mr. Ruskin's idea of teaching is, not to impart knowledge, but to parade it; not to enable a pupil to practise, but to bully him for his ignorance and to mystify him with theories.

It is not possible for us in our limited space to follow him step by step through the process recommended in his book. We feel morally sure that no student who follows his doctrine and examples of outlines and sketching will ever be a good artist; but this can only be determined by experience. We can conceive nothing so teasing and so useless to a beginner as the first processes of shading he prescribes. A *steel-pen* is the very last instrument in the world we should advise any student to draw with, and the woodcuts here given as examples the very last models we should take for imitation; but we trace an affinity between these peculiarities of Mr. Ruskin and the barbarous style of art of which he is the apostle; and we have little doubt his method would eventually bring up a young barbarian to be a suitable follower of himself,—an artist tattooing in his touch and a writer scalping in his style. One only passage we shall call particular attention to, because it contains the germ of some of the gravest defects of the Pre-Raphaelite painters; in fact, it is the key to their vicious colouring. At p. 52, the pupil is desired to ascertain the depth of shades in the object he is drawing by looking at it through a round hole about half the size of a pea in a piece of white paper, and then matching the colour seen through it by tinting the paper beside the circular opening. Now, unless the paper is laid actually on the stone or other subject, which, of course, is impossible for a landscape or group of figures, this is *not* the true colour of it as seen from the eye without the intervening hole in the paper; and a picture painted according to this prescription will be only a succession of flat patches of colour, inlaid and unconnected, as most of those Pre-Raphaelite paintings are. They ignore one of the chief principles on which the great masters composed,—that you only see perfectly the one point on which your eye is focused, the principal point of the principal object; all the rest is included in your view by moving your eye about. In pictures which, like altar-pieces, are to be looked well over and meditated on, the rule is relaxed, so that you read them

in their different parts, which are, in fact, different pictures included for convenience in one frame. The principle has been often abused by slurring carelessly over all but the chief point in the picture, and hiding every thing else in confusion, uncertainty, or blackness; but even thus you get at least one good glance out of a painting, whereas in the Pre-Raphaelite mode of making every eighth of an inch of space a principal object, you have nothing but an impossible mass of confusion to look at, and much prating about delicacy and tenderness and conscientious work to listen to afterwards. Judge of a picture as you would of a book. Does it tell its story at once, plainly, ineffaceably? If it does, it is a good picture. If it does not, no labour in littleness can make it a good one. In the *Agony in the Garden*, the olive-trees are part of the idea, and they should be like olive-trees; but who cares in a picture of the Crucifixion whether Calvary be granite, marble, or freestone? Ruskin would give you a sermon as long as to-day and to-morrow upon the mysticism of the fracture of every stone in the *Via Dolorosa*, and take you by the button-hole, snug and cosy, with him under the arch of the *Ecce Homo* to make sarcastic remarks on every passenger in the crowd, particularly those who were of your way of thinking about the business in hand. There is no doubt he has studied art deeply; but there is just the difference between the understanding he has got from his study and the knowledge which makes an artist, that there is between "our own correspondent" who describes a battle, and the general who wins it. In this, and in all his writings that we have met with, there is much food for reflection, much that is suggestive, a good deal of truth—though it is generally turned topsy-turvy to make it more startling; but the writer is an unsafe guide to follow implicitly, and the tone of feeling and thought produced by his writings is the very opposite of that produced by, or favourable to, art. We have said already that we do not believe a student can learn to draw by the process he recommends; but if he has learnt well beforehand, he may improve by some of these suggestions; and we will do Mr. Ruskin the justice to say, that the explanation of some rules of composition he lays down in the latter part of the book, when purified from the cant and maudlin sentiment with which they are interlarded, are very sound and practical. But even in these, as in most of his other violently-enforced dogmas on art, the student must remember that though they will add to the beauty of a picture they are not essential to it. What is essential is, first, that the student should thoroughly understand and have *modelled* in his mind the form of the object

he has to draw; and secondly, that he should be able to draw flat, rounded, and angular bodies, for his subject must be composed of those shapes variously combined. If his mind is thoroughly impressed with the shape of the thing he wants to represent, he will surely soon find a way of representing it, whether it be in chiaroscuro or colour. The various styles of different periods have all had some peculiar merit, some method of overcoming difficulties in art—which for a time was looked on as paramount to all other considerations, till it became an abuse and was exchanged for a newer fashion. The hard outlines and geometrical forms of one period, the anatomical rage of another; the expanse of bright colours of one school, the concentration in another of light or colour to gain greater depth by surrounding it with black,—have each certain advantages and certain failings which the artist must select from. The fashion of to-day cries up one as perfection; the fashion of to-morrow supersedes it with another. We will have none of Mr. Ruskin's dictatorship. Liberty in art for ever!

CHURCH-HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A History of the Church in England from the earliest Period to the Re-establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850. By the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 633 and 549. London: Dolman.

THIS work has one great and incontestable merit, in itself sufficient to account for and excuse a multitude of mistakes in detail, if such should be found to exist: we allude to the fact that it is our first and only ecclesiastical history with any pretension to completeness, and embracing the whole period from the original conversion of the Britons to the present time. To be the pioneer in this path, to be the first arranger of the disjointed fragments of history, is at once to occupy a certain rank as a historian.

From adopting this plan, however, it of course follows that a work of only moderate size must be merely an outline. No one could expect that the history of the eighteen centuries that have elapsed since the traditionary mission of St. Joseph of Arimathea to Britain could be circumstantially exhibited in somewhat less than twelve hundred pages. A complete history of this kind must to some extent be a superficial one; and so the writer acknowledges in the outset that it never was his intention to seize every minute detail, or to

propound and develop antiquarian and rubrical theories or researches.

Another superficialism into which such a plan must necessarily conduct the historian, results from his being obliged to content himself with published authorities, without testing their accuracy by fresh researches. It was never his intention, he confesses, to wade deep in that sea of documents that still remains, almost unnoticed, in ancient libraries and state-paper offices. His task involved too much labour to permit such a search: "the necessities of the Church are too pressing to allow time for prolonged investigations." Mr. Flanagan, if we understand him aright, thinks that the necessities of the Church are so urgent, that it was more important to write a complete history at once, taking for granted the veracity of the published documents, than to spend time in testing the received opinions on points of detail. "Is the present generation," he asks, "to pass away, like the preceding one, without the advantage of a history so interesting, so improving, and so edifying?" Of course the answer to such a question will depend very much on our opinion of the veracity of received statements. For himself, Mr. Flanagan thinks such sources ample; and he tells us, that after endeavouring to scrutinise all the published monuments of the past, he has secured what he deems sufficient both for truth and edification.

We are not prepared to deny Mr. Flanagan's assumption; but, after all, it is only an assumption, against which many probabilities can be produced. The weak point of English literature is incontestably history. Not that we lack names of the very first class even in this branch: we have histories of Greece and Rome which leave little to desire; Gibbon, too, is a writer who stands by himself, in spite of his sarcastic infidelity. But still history is not a study pursued either with the same love or the same success among us as it is among our continental brethren. There are whole periods of our past national existence which the nation neither knows, nor desires to know. To some, the interest of English history begins with William III.; others carry it up to Cromwell; a few think the account of the Reformation under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth the turning-point of our national existence; beyond that, popular research and interest almost fail. The national Protestantism is the cause of this; the nation has deserted its fathers' paths, and cannot afford to tell or hear the truth about a period whose history, rightly told, refutes present opinions: while, on the other hand, honest men are loth to expend their talents on a forgery, and to falsify that which, if truly told, would be unpopular. Hence there is

scarcely any great history of England previous to the Reformation; most that are published are full of distortions, because they have been written with a purpose, and from a point of view quite hostile to the spirit of the times they pretended to paint. So far as mere clerks' work goes, there are honest collections of documents for those ages; but there is scarcely a history worthy of the name which is completely trustworthy in its ecclesiastical aspect. The carelessness of our ecclesiastical annalists is wonderful; even a work of such pretension as Sir Henry Ellis's edition of *Dugdale's Monasticon* is crammed with errors; and though so many English houses were dependent on abbeys abroad, yet the editors seem almost to be ignorant of the existence of works like the *Gallia Christiana* and others, by which the ecclesiastical history of the Continent has been so fully elucidated, and have neglected to draw from evident sources the materials both for correcting their errors and for enlarging their knowledge.

Published sources of English ecclesiastical history are certainly full of gaps, not to mention more serious errors; and the very period concerning which most errors have been accepted is that which it most concerns us to have completely cleared up, namely, the period of the Reformation. Under that reign of terror the government took possession of mind as well as body: views and opinions were dictated; facts were propounded by proclamation; no means of testing the reports spread by government was permitted. Catholics, therefore, frequently acquiesced in rumours which they could not disprove; and were obliged to content themselves with explaining and apologising for ugly events instead of denying them, as they might have done with truth had they but known it.

Next, we even doubt whether Mr. Flanagan has really examined all accessible materials. We have not thoroughly looked through the two volumes, from want of time; but so far as we have been able to ascertain by the aid of his rather incomplete index, some of the best authorities are either omitted or used very scantily. Father Clement Reyner's *Apostolate of the Benedictines in England*, Father Alford's carefully collected *Chronicles of the English Church*, and Father Serenus Cressy's *Church-History of Brittany*, all abound with authentic monuments, mostly reproduced textually. From a note in the second volume, we apprehend that Mr. Flanagan never examined this last writer, whose writings he describes from Dodd; much less could he have seen that most valuable unpublished portion of his history which still exists in Ms. in the town-library of Douai, and which appeared to us, on

a hasty inspection, to be almost entirely compiled from original archives. This part commences in 1199 and ends in 1307, and certainly ought to be examined thoroughly by any person who undertakes to write a complete ecclesiastical history of England. We may, then, be allowed to doubt, first, whether Mr. Flanagan has used all accessible materials; and secondly, if he had, whether these are sufficient either in extent or in trustworthiness to found a complete history upon. And if they are not, we may perhaps put the further question, whether it would not have been more for the good of the Church first to ascertain whether the materials were sound before the edifice was built, than to make haste to build it up of such unproved materials as came to hand.

The work certainly bears marks of hurry in the execution; the index reveals striking *lacunæ* both in names and in things. Thus we can find no mention of King Ina, though famous both as an ecclesiastical legislator (see Wilkins' *Concilia*) and as a founder of religious establishments; one of which, in an altered form, is in full vigour at Rome even to this day. Again, in a "complete" ecclesiastical history, we should have thought that the question of the endowment and maintenance of the Church required some treatment, however brief; nor should we have thought the origin of tithes in this country of so exclusively antiquarian interest as not to merit even a mention. History, we consider, should always be treated with some reference to existing controversies, so as to bring it to bear on the present state of things. Now as the Anglican clergy, while gladly relinquishing almost all other points of the ceremonial law, has for very obvious reasons made an exception in favour of the Divine right of tithes, the origin of the impost in this country seems to us somewhat more than a dry point of antiquarian research. We do not for a moment believe that the tax was originally created in favour of the Church; we believe it to have been an old civil impost, transferred in the eighth century to ecclesiastical use. We are unable to give any direct proof of our opinion; but we argue from a case probably analogous, that of Belgium. In the time of the Romans, the British province was probably administered in the same way as its neighbours. Now we know that in Belgium the tithe was part of the tax paid to the Romans; a small part, it is true, for the taxes were then very high, amounting to nearly three times their present sum per head. When the Franks subdued the country, this tax was continued upon all lands, except those made dominal or governmental, which of course were not assessed by the governing seigneurs who owned them. These seig-

neurs retained the greatest part of the tithes in their own hands, a small portion being from time to time made over to ecclesiastical purposes before the period of the Crusades; then, however, enthusiasm was high, and there was quite a passion for founding and endowing monasteries, and consequently the religious orders and clergy became owners of the greater part of the tithe. Now this was done, it may be observed, while the states of Europe were at peace with one another; during that great voluntary exodus of Christendom against the Mahometans the governments had not to sustain the expenses of petty warfares against neighbouring chieftains, nor of standing armies kept up to protect their frontiers. In after ages, when this temporary pacification was forgotten, the chieftains again found themselves called on to maintain bands of men for their defence; but they had relinquished to the Church the revenues on which they formerly relied to pay their soldiers. What were they to do? to resume their gift, or to impose new taxes on their vassals? The latter course was adopted; and the tillers of the soil now found themselves pressed by a double tithe—the old one, that had been given to the Church; and the new one, rendered necessary by the new needs of the seigneurs. Doubtless the coincidence in amount of this impost with that ordained by Moses for the use of the priests caused it to be considered especially fit to be made over to the Church; but it must never be forgotten that it was not of ecclesiastical institution, that in its origin it had no pretence of Divine right, that the seigneurs in giving it burdened the people with a double tax, and that changes in the financial or political state of a country might make it become a very hard, not to say unjust, imposition. Such is the history of tithes in Belgium; and we cannot help imagining that the history of the dotation, *mutatis mutandis*, would be very similar in England. It would probably be found that the Romans collected, among other imposts, a tenth part of the produce of British lands; that the Britons, when left to themselves, continued the tax; that it was preserved by the Saxons as a civil contribution, till in the fervour of their conversion, and in the midst of the plenty generated by the reformation of manners and the pacification of the country, it was transferred to the clergy. But governments could not always continue at peace; when war came, the peasants were doubly taxed. If so, there is no more Divine right of tithes in England than in Belgium; it is a mere State endowment, raised from the taxes of the people and given to the Church during pleasure, like the Maynooth grant; for we cannot consider the Synod of 786, the acts of the par-

liaments of the Heptarchy, and the agreement between King Alfred and Guthrun the Dane, as at all more perpetually binding than Sir Robert Peel's act of 1845.

Another point, omitted, we believe, by all ecclesiastical historians of England, is the curious fact mentioned in the *Life of Archbishop Lanfranc* (cap. xiii. no. 32): "In the suburbs of Canterbury there is a church dedicated to St. Martin, in which they say there was an episcopal see in former times; and it is said there was a Bishop of it before Lanfranc came over to those parts. But since the canons forbid that there should be two Bishops together in one city, Lanfranc ordered that no more Bishops should be consecrated for that place." Gervase of Dover (*in Actis Pontif. Cantuar.*, cap. de S. Elphego) says that this was a *chorepiscopus*: "Formerly the Archbishop of Canterbury had a *chorepiscopus*, who had his chair in the church of St. Martin outside Canterbury. This office was abolished when Lanfranc came, as it was also in all other places." It is difficult to suppose that this was a *chorepiscopus*, since he had a fixed see. Some persons have supposed that he was a successor of the Bishop whom Bertha, Ethelbert's queen, had brought over with her from Gaul. It is, however, a point which wants clearing up; and we commend it to the industry of students of history.

We are only giving a few notes of points which, as it seems to us, should have been elucidated by Mr. Flanagan. Our readers will excuse the desultory character of our observations, if from the time of the Conqueror we skip to that of Queen Elizabeth.

In speaking of the exaction of the oath of supremacy by that queen in the first year of her reign, our author says, "We have the testimony of the Protestant writers that it was refused by eighty rectors of churches, fifty prebendaries, fifteen presidents of colleges, twelve archdeacons, twelve deans, and six abbots and abbesses," besides all the Bishops except Kitchen of Llandaff.

"Cardinal Allen," he continues, "who travelled through a considerable part of England soon after these events, and who was intimately acquainted with several of those who resigned, gives very nearly the same account. He says that besides the Bishops, the Abbot of Westminster, four priors of religious houses, and three entire religious communities, there were twelve cathedral deans, fourteen archdeacons, more than sixty canons of cathedral churches, fifteen rectors of university colleges, more than twenty professors and doctors, and more than a hundred of those priests who were most remarkable both for position and reputation."

Now is it really true that there were only two hundred

and fifty or sixty ecclesiastics who were found faithful, and ready to suffer rather than to admit Elizabeth's pretensions? Is it likely that those who so lately, at the restoration of religion under Cardinal Pole, had repented of a former fall, should so soon forget all and fall again? And how does this small number explain the "dismal solitude" which Jewell complains of immediately after in the universities and in the Church, and which was so general, that as a remedy, the parliament had to admit to the livings men ordained at Geneva or elsewhere abroad, in lack of those who were fit for, or would submit to, the orders of the Anglican Bishops? We cannot help thinking that here, as in the case of Campion, Catholics, for want of better information, acquiesced in the false reports of Protestants, who would naturally do all they could to lessen the effect of the very extensive protest made by the clergy against their violence.

In support of our doubt, it may be observed, first, that we are told only how many "refused" the oath, without being told to how many it was tendered. Now we have reason to think that in the visitations of the first year of Elizabeth comparatively few of the clergy were required to swear. It was, we know, part of Burghley's policy in dealing with recusants never to summon many at a time, lest consciousness of numbers and strength might give boldness. The commissioners had general orders "that the letters to be sent forth for the appearance of the recusants be so used as that they come not many together at a time" (Harleian Mss. no 360, fol. 65). From an inspection of a visitation-book for the province of York in the State-Paper Office (Dom. Eliz. vol. x.), which records the proceedings of the commissioners in the north in August, September, and October 1559, we see plainly enough that this system was carried out. This book, which is not very clearly kept, purports to be a complete diary of what was done, and to contain the names not only of the recusants, but of those who subscribed the oath, as well as of those who absented themselves with or without appearing by proxy. That the book purports to be kept in this complete manner will appear by the following abstract of proceedings at the visitation in York Minster on Wednesday, September 6, 1559:

"Godfrey Downes, D.D., prebendary, obstinately and peremptorily refused to subscribe on three separate occasions; he was deprived of his benefices.

Robert Purseglove, suffragan Bishop of Hull and prebendary, refused four times; his benefices were in like manner sequestrated.

George Palmes, LL.D., prebendary, and Roger Marshall, prebendary, refused; and were deprived.

Robert Bapthorpe, D.D., prebendary, George Williamson, prebendary, and Richard Drewry, prebendary, subscribed voluntarily.

*John Boxall, *William Taylor, *Maurice Clenocke, Peter Nedd, only appeared by proxy.

John Herde, prebendary, had already subscribed.

William Rokeby, Archdeacon of the East Riding, John Grene, and Baldwin Norton, appeared by proxy; as also *Richard Peter, prebendary, John Hebden, Richard Norman, prebendary, and William Bell.

John Warren, *Alban Langdale, Arthur Lowe, John Seaton, Peter Vannes, *Thomas Ardern, prebendary, Godfrey Morley, Thomas Clement, Thomas Theston, and George Blythe, made no appearance whatever."

Here it is evident that the visitation-book professes to give us a complete list of the persons summoned, and a division of them into four categories—recusants, subscribers, absentees who appeared by proxy, and absentees who made no appearance. Of the two categories of absentees, it is not too much to say, that ultimately they were nearly all recusants. The names marked with an asterisk in the above list are also found in Dr. Bridgewater's list of persons, "not indeed all, but only those that have come to our knowledge, who have suffered chains, confiscation of goods, exile, or death, under Queen Elizabeth." We need not wonder at not finding the names of the other absentees in the same catalogue, which is so incomplete, that it does not contain any of the names even of the recusants of the above list who are recorded in the visitation-book to have suffered the loss of their benefices, and to have been bound in heavy penalties to appear when called upon.

Now the number of names in this visitation-book altogether amounts only to thirty-six recusants, twenty-one subscribers (including one who was at the same time ordered to leave off his habits of tippling), sixteen absentees who appeared by proxy, and seventeen absentees who made no appearance; that is, sixty-nine recusants and absentees to twenty-one subscribers. Now of the thirty-six recusants, four, or at most five (for one is too common a name to be certain of), are mentioned as sufferers by Bridgewater; of the seventeen absent without proxies, three are certainly in Bridgewater, and perhaps two more; of the sixteen absentees who sent proxies, seven are known from Bridgewater to have been recusants. Now Bridgewater certainly knew all that Allen knew, for Allen was part-author of the book. But he only knew four or five out of thirty-six who peremptorily refused, and were deprived on the spot, and only ten or

twelve out of thirty-seven who absented themselves; that is, he knew little more than one-fifth of the number of those who were deprived in this partial visitation.* At the end of the volume, after a list of presentments of ruined churches and the like, we find an abstract of the number of rectors, vicars, and curates who refused to attend when summoned. They are, for the Diocese of York, 158; Chester, 85; Durham, 36; Carlisle, 35: total, 314. Of these we have a right to take 300 at least as recusants: add to these the sixty-nine mentioned above, and we have for the partial visitation of the single province of York a total of nearly 370 clergy who would not subscribe to the oath, instead of the 175 given by Protestant authorities for the whole of England, or the 250 claimed by Cardinal Allen and Bridgewater, who, after all, only followed Nicholas Sanders.

Almost any county history will show how the deprivations went on year by year; faithful to the principle "divide and rule," the new law was only applied to a few at a time, and for years the sequestrations were going on. We once examined how these matters were managed in the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon, where Mr. Halliwell observes that Shakespeare's father could only have been acquainted with clergymen who passed without remonstrance from the Catholic *régime* of Queen Mary to the Protestant system of Elizabeth; so far was this from being so, that we found that the incumbents of Snitterfield, Aston Cantlowe, Stratford-on-Avon, Billesley, and apparently those of Wolverton, Hampton Lucy, and Alveston, all had to resign during the years 1560 and 1561, and to give place to preachers of the new learning. If other localities were similarly examined, we should probably be able to raise the number of deprived clergymen to thousands instead of hundreds; and we feel persuaded that a diligent comparison of documents will show that immense numbers of priests forfeited their preferments in the first few years of Elizabeth's reign. Till this point is cleared up, it is surely better to suspend the completion of our history than to adopt the under-statements of even so good an authority as Cardinal Allen. If only 300 had resigned, what need to fill the livings with "carpenters, blacksmiths, uneducated men of every mechanic art"? The practice of a few of the simpler rules of arithmetic might be sometimes useful to the critical faculty of a historian.

* It is right to state, that this calculation is based on the imperfect alphabetical index in Bridgewater's *Concertatio*. If we had time or patience to look through the book itself, the numerical proportion would doubtless have to be somewhat modified.

The last point that we shall examine is one of far greater importance, namely, the Bull of St. Pius V., *Regnans in excelsis*, excommunicating and depriving Queen Elizabeth. The soundness of the policy which dictated this fulmination has always been a matter of question among English Catholics; its effect was doubtless to stir up a violent persecution, and the effect of this persecution was to make faithful Catholics shine more brightly, and to purge away from the Church a great mass of lukewarm religionists who entertained the idea of conciliating Christ and Belial, Catholicity and Protestantism. This was perhaps a happy result; and it is quite allowable for any reviewer or essayist to say that this was exactly what the Pope intended. But the historian should always prefer facts to theories.

The motives for the act are so plainly stated in the body of the Bull, that no historian need dive into his imagination to find others. After reciting the heresies, crimes, and deficient title of Elizabeth, it says: "All these things being notorious to all people, and proved by the clearest testimony, so as to leave no room for excuses, defence, or explanations, We, seeing that new sacrileges and crimes are being added continually to the old, and besides, that the persecution of the faithful and the affliction of religion is daily growing more severe by the urgency and action of the said Elizabeth; and understanding that she will neither listen to the remonstrances of the Catholic princes, nor receive our nuncio,—are compelled to take up the arms of justice against her, and to condemn her." Then follows her excommunication and deposition, or declaration that she was "deprived of all her pretended right to the kingdom, and of all dominion, dignity, and privilege;" and that her subjects were "absolved from all oath of allegiance," and commanded under pain of anathema "not to obey her, her admonitions, commands, and laws." This twofold sentence was signed, as Mr. Flanagan tells us, immediately after the close of the northern rebellion (Feb. 25, 1570), when the ill-considered attempt of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland to restore the Catholic religion had been put down by the arms of Catholics, and when in consequence a savage persecution had been commenced against those professors of our religion who were uncompromising in their fidelity to it.

The court of Rome felt bitterly the conduct of those Catholics who at the command of an illegitimate and persecuting queen took up arms against their brethren. The Pope thought to stay this conduct by his Bull. He consulted those English exiles who were around him at Rome; but they, like

all Englishmen who view the politics of their country through a Roman atmosphere, mistook the character and the dispositions of their countrymen. "The Bishop of St. Asaph's, the Bishop-elect of Bangor, the Dean of Hereford, the Rector of Lincoln College, the Prebendary of York, and the various doctors of divinity and other clergymen," doubtless assured the commissioners that the Pope had only to make his voice heard, and all these Catholics would obey. They were mistaken; it was by the arms of Catholics that Elizabeth was enabled to put down the Catholic religion, as afterwards it was by a Catholic admiral that she was defended from the Armada of the Spaniards; and as still England in great part depends on the sinews of Catholics to carry out any dream of conquest or reconquest she may entertain. It was, as the Pope implied, in hopes of withdrawing these men from the ranks of Elizabeth's upholders, and of thereby stopping the persecution of the faithful and the affliction of religion, that he issued his Bull. Such seems to be his meaning.

Mr. Flanagan, as a historian, was bound to tell us this; but instead he tells us, like an essayist, "The Pope felt undoubtedly that, *whatever might befall the property and persons of English Catholics*, it was time to provide for their souls at any cost; it was time for the warning voice of St. Peter to be heard," &c. We affirm, on the contrary, that the Pope thought by the Bull to save the property and persons of the Catholics; that if he had thought it would have embittered the persecution as it did, the holy man could have had no wish to plunge the English into such a fiery trial, in which so many souls would probably be lost. The same experiment had, indeed, been tried on Henry VIII.; but with no success, since it had only kindled the flames of persecution. Those times had now passed; several Popes had lived and died since then, and those events were forgotten at Rome; England, too, had seen her changes, and with the happiest auspices had been reconciled to the Church. The old lesson was every where forgotten; and the experiment was repeated, and with like results. It would not, however, have been repeated but for the representations of the English refugees, who unfortunately so entirely misread the spirit and character of their countrymen.

We must here guard ourselves from being misunderstood; we do not deny the Pope's right to depose Elizabeth, though we doubt whether it can be called a matter of faith or morals, wherein alone he is infallible.

1. We affirm that the Pope, as the supreme judge of morals, has the right to tell us how far we may obey certain laws, and where our obedience must end. And we confess

that Catholics are bound to accept his decision. Whether or not this is in practice a limitation of the power of the government, we will not stop to inquire. At any rate, in itself it involves no more than the passive resistance of the primitive Christians to the impious commands of Nero; it does not amount to any deposition of the monarch, or suspension of the government.

2. If, however, the monarch should be a Catholic, the same authority which could forbid his subjects to obey his laws could censure him for passing such laws; which could be no less than a public scandal, to be punished, according to the old canons, by a public penance, involving a separation from the company of the faithful or an excommunication.

In the early ages of the Church, the sacrament of penance was administered in a way now disused. Immediately after confession the penitent received absolution (*à culpâ*) of his sin; after this, if the sin was one that required it by the canons, the public penance was performed; and when this was completed a second absolution was given, *absolutio adæquata, à culpâ et pœnâ*, remitting the temporal punishment of the sin, and equivalent to the indulgences of the modern discipline of the Church.

During the public penance, the penitent was in a true state of excommunication. Besides having to abstain from the services of the Church, he was also interdicted from many civil and social functions: among the rest, he was forbidden to perform any military acts; whether it was to take him out of the danger of losing his life before his penance was accomplished, or for whatever other reason, the fact is clear, *non potuit militare*, he was interdicted for the time from military service.

But by the civil law the imperial and royal dignities are only military functions; it followed, therefore, by the canon law that a monarch, during his excommunication or public penance, had to lay aside the *insignia* and functions of royalty. But this did not amount to a deposition: the king was in the condition of a sick man; but this gave the head of the Church no right to say that such a person should never bear rule in future.

3. But a deposing power is requisite somewhere; there is no law that obliges nations to suffer a brute or a madman to rule over them for ever. "There is," says Dr. Johnson, "a remedy in human nature against tyranny," namely, "to cut off the oppressor's head." In modern days this right is recognised to reside in "the revolution," or "the barricades," that is, in the dregs of the populace of large towns. De Custine,

we think, wittily defined the Russian constitution as "an absolute monarchy limited by the institution of assassination." But assassination, insurrection, and revolution, are dreadful powers to let loose; it is like setting your house on fire to burn out the rats. It would be better if all the monarchs of Christendom could agree to lodge the right in some respectable hands; and what hands better than his, who by the institution of Christ already has the right of limiting monarchs' powers, both by limiting their subjects' obedience and by excommunicating them, if Catholics, from the exercise of their royal functions?

St. Gregory VII., with this persuasion, wrote to the monarchs of Europe asking them to acknowledge their dependence on him, and voluntarily to cede him this power. Many of them, liking to depend on the Pope better than on their own turbulent barons, admitted his right. William the Conqueror refused. His letter is preserved in Lanfranc's works.

"To Gregory, the most excellent pastor of the Holy Church, William, by the grace of God glorious king of the English and duke of the Normans, health with friendship.

Your legate Hubert, religious Father, came to me from you and admonished me to do fealty to you and your successors, and to think better of the money which my predecessors used to send to the Roman Church. One request I granted; the other I did not grant. I would not, nor will I, do fealty, because neither did I promise it, nor do I find that my predecessors did it to your predecessors. The money has been negligently collected for nearly three years whilst I have been in Gaul; but now that, by God's mercy, I have returned to my kingdom, what is collected is sent by the said legate; the rest shall be sent when there is opportunity, by the legates of Lanfranc, the Archbishop, our faithful (subject). Pray for us and for the state of our kingdom; for we have loved your predecessors, and we desire to love you more than all in sincerity, and to listen to you with obedience."

St. Gregory was not offended by this letter; he had asked, not for a right, but for a concession which he judged opportune. William, though a loving and obedient son of the Church, refused to grant it. St. Gregory answered him courteously, and spoke of this letter of his as having "filled him with joy at his prudence, honesty, and justice." England did not at that time admit, nor the Pope claim as a right, the deposing power: this was in 1080.

Time went on; in 1154 an Englishman was elected to fill the chair of St. Peter; the king of England, Henry II., cast a longing look on Ireland, but could make no just claim to it. He had recourse to his old subject, Pope Adrian IV.: but the Pope had no more right to Ireland than to England; he

could no more depose the reigning princes of Munster and Connaught than those of Britain. But a musty document was produced: it was a forgery,—not, however, known to be such in those uncritical days, and accepted in good faith by both parties,—purporting to be a donation of Constantine to the Roman Church, by which “all islands” of the empire became the property of the Popes. If Henry received Ireland under this grant, he tacitly admitted that he held England (also an island) by the same right; and it was under this grant that by his own ambassador, John of Salisbury, he accepted his new possession. We will give the very words of the English plenipotentiary.*

“At my prayer, Adrian IV. granted and gave Ireland to the illustrious king of the English, Henry II., to be held by right of inheritance, as his letters testify to the present day. For by ancient right, all the islands are said to belong to the Roman Church by the donation of Constantine, who founded and endowed it. He also sent by my hands a gold ring set with a very fine emerald, to give him investiture of the right to govern Ireland; and the same ring is to this day ordered to be kept in the public archives of the court.”

The right which William had refused to give up to Gregory, Henry gave up to Adrian in exchange for the permission to invade Ireland. This concession was confirmed by Henry's son John, and allowed by the barons; and from that time England was one of those countries where, by the voluntary concession of prince and barons, the Pope had the right of deposing the prince. This right, together with all others implied in the word “fealty,” once obtained, became a portion of the endowments of the Church, and one of her material possessions. No tenant has a right to prejudice his successors by voluntarily relinquishing these possessions. It was moreover a right which was manifestly conducive to the preservation of religion, for it gave the Pope the power of deposing an apostate prince; its influence on the salvation of souls, therefore, was not indirect, but direct. It might be a question whether it was good for religion that monasteries, endowed with vast possessions when fifty acres of land did not support one man, should keep these immense estates when the country became thickly populated; but it could be no question whether it was for the good of religion for the Pope to exercise his acknowledged right of deposing Queen Elizabeth, if he found himself able to do so.

Moreover, after the question of right was decided, “Pius still delayed sentence until he had heard the various objec-

* Joan. Salis. Metalogicus, lib. iv. cap. xlii.

tions that could be made to it." Those people were consulted who were thought to be, and who ought to have been, best acquainted with the English spirit. The right was proved; the general benefit to the Church, if the Bull could be carried out, was evident: for the question of fact, whether it could be effectually carried out, the Pope necessarily depended on his counsellors; and they misrepresented the true state of things in a way that we might call ludicrous, if the effects had not been so miserable, and so utterly different from those which the Bull was intended to produce.

This, we believe, is the true explanation of this famous Bull; it was the assertion of a right yielded to the Pope by two English monarchs for themselves and their successors. This assertion would never have been made unless the Pope had satisfied himself by the most careful inquiries that it would effect its purpose. He could not tell that the English Catholics would refuse to listen, or that they would continue from that day to this to shed their blood in the defence of the Protestant government, and thus perpetuate the sacrilege of Elizabeth, or doubtless he would have held his hand, and would not have fulminated his Bull in its actual form.

The excommunication which it contained of all who obeyed Elizabeth was the cause of the most frightful difficulties to Catholic priests during that whole reign, and indeed ever since. They were always asked what they thought of the Pope's deposing power: if they maintained it, they were manifest traitors to the queen; if they denied it, and professed themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, they apparently incurred the excommunication, and were traitors to the Pope. All the complications that afterwards arose were caused by this double-edged sentence; and the inextricable difficulties into which the priests were plunged caused them often to give trimming answers, which constitute the great difficulty in the way of the beatification of those among them who were martyrs. The whole question of their conduct is one that has yet to be thoroughly sifted. Among other things, it is to be considered that this deposing power of the Popes, who, as the Bull says, "are constituted princes over all kingdoms, to pluck out, destroy, scatter, and make to perish, to plant and to build," is not a power they possessed by Divine right, but by the voluntary cession of sovereigns, that is, by a civil bargain. It accrued to the Popes by gift or purchase, as any other material possession might; and thus it became part of the patrimony and estate of St. Peter. But now, in the government of this patrimony the Pope, we believe, may always resort to spiritual weapons. He may guard his territory not only by

arms, but by anathemas; he may punish offences against his civil government, not only by fine and imprisonment, but also by excommunication. We have seen a code of canons for the government of the ecclesiastical state wherein carrying salt across the frontiers was thus punished; and many such instances may be found in mediæval history. Now it occurs to us to ask, Is excommunication for a civil offence, that touches merely the temporal rights and privileges of the Pope, the same terrible thing as excommunication for an offence against morals or dogma? Are we really to suppose that heaven is shut to the man who smuggles salt across a frontier as really as to the man who denies the Trinity, or marries his father's wife? If this excommunication of the English was a civil one, intended only to preserve the Pope's temporal privileges over England, as such it comes within the same category as the excommunication for smuggling salt, which was intended to protect the finances of the Papal states. The Pope, of course, had a Divine right to excommunicate the queen for her heresy; but did not his right of deposing her depend on the validity of the bargain struck between Henry II. and Pope Adrian IV.? and did not the validity of the anathema against those who acknowledged Elizabeth depend on this right of deposition?

Some persons, doubtless, will see a just retribution in this: an English Pope sold to an English priest, who was ambassador of Henry II., a country which the king coveted, in exchange for a certain right; and by the exercise of this right a saintly successor of that Pope sealed the loss of England to the Church.

Mr. Flanagan, it appears to us, slurs over not this difficulty only, but also most others on which a controversy can be raised among Catholics; and most of the questions that have arisen in the Church since the change of religion are of this character. In such questions, two ways are open to the historian: either to take a side, and argue for a special view, like Dodd, Lingard, and Tierney; or conscientiously to expose the motives and reasons of each party, and to leave the reader to form a decision. Neither of these plans is followed in the volumes before us. The writer neither comes to a decision himself, nor furnishes his readers with uncooked materials for forming one; he seems afraid of following truth too close at the heels, lest it kick his teeth out. His narrative is therefore, as it were, boneless and nerveless, boiled down to a jelly; homogeneous throughout, but insipid. There is little brilliancy in his style; his periods are ill-constructed, and sometimes even hover on the confines of doubtful grammar; and the whole appears to be the production of a person too anxious

to avoid offending to allow him to narrate at his ease. This makes the style diffuse: he speaks too much, and says too little; the facts are not compressed, the descriptions do not individualise things, and all the peculiarities of the laws, liturgies, and customs of the Catholic Church in England are omitted, perhaps as being only "antiquarian theories."

It appears to us, then, that Mr. Flanagan's main merit is, that he is the first to have given a history that pretends to completeness. This is certainly a great step in advance; and though the book may easily be superseded by a better one, yet the next writer will make great use of Mr. Flanagan's labours, even if he does not found his own upon them.

CHINESE LIFE AND MANNERS.

A Residence among the Chinese; Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea. By Robert Fortune. Murray.

IN the face of a life-and-death struggle for the retention of our dominion over the vast empire of India,—a fearful and mysterious war, which has burst upon us with all the fury of a pent-up mountain-torrent, and in a few short months carried black desolation to hundreds of English dwellings, and lit up the fires of implacable revenge in thousands of English hearts,—it is only by an effort we recall the fact that we are also at issue with between three and four hundred millions of Asiatics inhabiting another mighty division of the great Eastern continent. If people think now of the Chinese expedition, and the unfortunate *Arrow*, it is only when they remember gladly that ships, troops, and ambassadors-plenipotentiary have all been diverted to the scene of a contest infinitely more important, where the presence of each single European—be he general, drummer-boy, or even civilian of any grade—is a warrant of security to those still in imminent peril of death, and worse than death, but who yet await with loyal confidence the speedy coming of their fellow-countrymen, if unhappily too late to save, at least in time to visit the savage murderers with stern and bloody justice. In one sense, therefore, Mr. Fortune's volume must be considered as a little unluckily timed; for he will hardly obtain the wide hearing a modest recital of his useful and amusing adventures deserves; but to those who have no immediate relations or dearly-loved friends endangered by the Indian war, and are

so spared the rack of hourly anxiety, his book will afford a very pleasant and agreeable relief from the perusal of horrors which it is not healthy for the mind to dwell upon too long.

Some fourteen years ago, our author landed in China for the first time, as botanical collector for the Horticultural Society of London. From 1848 to 1851 he was employed by the East India Company in collecting tea plants, seeds, implements, and green-tea makers, for the government plantations in the Himalayas; and from 1852 to 1856 in adding to these collections, and in procuring first-rate black-tea makers for the experimental tea-farms in India. The results of the former expeditions appeared in his *Three Years' Wanderings*, and *Journey to the Tea-Countries*; and in the present book he gives a minute account of extensive districts lying between the coast-line and the points formerly reached, with their natural productions, and the characters, manners, and customs of their inhabitants. It is not long since we journeyed with the Abbé Huc into the China of the past; and it is with equal interest we now accompany our shrewd botanical friend into the China of the present. No one, perhaps, out of the body of missionaries has had so much opportunity of getting at the home-life, habits, and manners of thought of this strange and anomalous people, with its barbarous civilisation, cowardice and endurance, treachery and hospitality, religion and infidelity, learning and utter folly; and as Mr. Fortune is neither philosopher, historian, diplomatist, ethnologist, nor statistician, he is obliged to tell all he sees and hears with no very special view beyond that of giving information, and with no other illumination than the lamp of common sense. In short, he puts things before his readers precisely as he found them; he rarely attempts to forestall their conclusions by any of his own; and when he does so, it is mostly as to points on which he has a right to be didactic. We can do no better for our readers, perhaps, than to follow his example; and in glancing through the narrative of his labours, stop here and there when we come to any thing bearing immediate relation to passing events, or illustrative of the peculiar mental organisation of the wonderful Chinese race.

In the very first chapter we are brought up short by an earthquake, no uncommon occurrence at Shanghae, where the scene is laid; but then follows a circumstance decidedly not within the experience of those versed only in the volcanic throes of Europe. At daybreak, groups of Chinese were seen in the gardens, roadsides, and fields, gathering *hairs*, said to make their appearance after an earthquake. On join-

ing the searchers, Mr. Fortune learned that these hairs proceeded from some huge subterraneous animal, whose slightest shake was sufficient to move the world; and he set to work at once, in the hope of securing a memorial of this animated fossil. Like his Chinese friends, he picked up hairs of dogs, cats, and horses, and the fibres of a palm; but failed both in his attempt to obtain a lock of the subterranean mammoth, and in a subsequent endeavour to shake the faith of the Chinese, even by ocular demonstration. A celestial is not a man to be convinced against his will. But the earthquake produced another striking illustration of the national character. Within a day or two a judgment was announced: a populous village with its inhabitants had been swallowed up, a pool of water taking its place. This report was repeated at a distance from Shanghai; and a nursery-gardener informed the author that the village in question had been full of bad people, and that this had happened on account of their sins. The site of a village just entombed being well worth visiting, Mr. Fortune arranged with the American consul and another friend to make the journey, the precise situation of the place being laid down as thirty miles up the river, south-west. Before starting, he prudently cautioned his servant, a trustworthy native, to make all necessary inquiries in order to guard against the possibility of mistake. After a couple of hours' examination, the man returned with the intelligence that it was *down* the river, and not up, the place must be sought; that, in his private opinion, the boatman knew nothing at all about the matter, and that the journey had better be put off. A few days afterwards, the parties who originally gave the information as to the sunken village coolly stated, that "it was quite true such an occurrence had taken place, but that it had happened about two hundred years ago!"

The rebellion, still raging in China, had already menaced Shanghai, and the imperialists were in a state of great alarm; but the course of the rebel armies does not appear in any material way to have deranged Mr. Fortune's plans, or to have interfered with his success. It will be remembered that this rebellion was hailed by a large section of the "religious public" in England, on the ground of its Christian character; it was believed that the thousands of Testaments sown broadcast on the celestial fields had come up in the shape of a noble crop of Evangelical Christians of the true Exeter-Hall stamp, and that henceforth China would be duly represented at the May meetings. Our author quotes the well-known exposition of the tenets of the rebels obtained by Mr. Medhurst, Chinese Secretary to the British Government at Hong-

kong, wherein it appears that their Christianity consists principally in the assumption by their leaders of the titles and attributes of the Holy Trinity; and he naïvely remarks, that "such professions incline us to pause before we can bring our minds to admit them to be Christians." He goes on, however, to assert that any change from Buddhism, Taouism, and the apathy of ages, is desirable, and believes that the deluge of Testaments must affect the "stony ground" at last. "Having these views," he concludes, "I fully agree with the following remarks made by a writer in the *Times* upon this subject: 'It cannot be said at present that the Chinese have learnt the Gospel; but they have, at any rate, been taught to abandon a system of idolatry, to profess themselves believers in something better, and to appeal to this new law for the correction of social evils.'" This is one of the points on which we certainly do not admit the right of our author to be didactic; but we forgive him his own nonsense in consideration of the absurd figure the *Times* cuts in his *mal-à-propos* quotation. The notion of a preparatory course of blasphemy as the "something better" to manure the ground for Church missions, is a little startling, to be sure; but then, says the practical *Times*, it is such a corrector of social evils! It is only fair to Mr. Fortune to add, that this is by no means a specimen of the quality of his work, which is singularly free from such obnoxious paragraphs as *will* find their way into most travellers' note-books when discoursing of religion. The Protestant chair of theology, be it remembered, is open to all comers; and he uses his privilege with becoming moderation. Leaving Tai-ping-wang and his rebel host to fight their battles in the province of Kiang-su and elsewhere, Mr. Fortune engaged a boat, and started from Ning-po for the tea-districts in the interior. At the end of a twelve-mile canal, leading to the foot of the hills, he was startled by a confusion of sounds, which turned out to be the shrill tones of hundreds of pilgrims on their way to the temple of Ayuka; the female sex greatly predominating, whether to display their holiday attire, or entirely on account of their greater devotion to the shrine, does not appear. The space from the entrance-gateway of the enclosure to the doors of the temple was lined with busy stall-keepers, all pressing their wares on the passers-by with enthusiasm,—candles, joss-sticks, and sycee paper to be burnt in Buddha's honour, and toys, curiosities, and sweetmeats for the amusement of his worshippers. After an inspection of the strange and noisy scene going on in the temple itself, our author paid a visit of ceremony to the high priest; a chatty old gentleman, who informed him

that he had given 3000 dollars or so for his post, and could only retain it three years, when his successor must cash down to the same tune. Having sipped his tea, Mr. Fortune requested a sight of a relic of Buddha, of which the monastery was happily possessed; and the priest who had charge of it was at once directed to exhibit it accordingly. Following his guide, he found the precious relic locked up in a bell-shaped dome; in this was an antique pagoda carved in wood; in the centre of this was a small bell, and at the bottom of the bell the *shay-le*, or relic, was said to be placed. The relic ungraciously refused at first to be visible, or to shine; but in the end became more accommodating. "It might be imagination,—I dare say it was,—but I really thought I saw something unusual in the thing, as if some brilliant colours were playing about it." There are 84,000 pores in a man's body; and, passing through all transmigrations, he finally leaves behind 84,000 particles of miserable dust. Buddha's body has also 84,000 pores; but by resisting evil, instead of the dust he has perfected 84,000 relics, as hard and bright as diamonds. Over these Ayuka built as many pagodas; but since the relics are only visible to the eye of faith, the human race has not enjoyed all the benefits from them that might have been expected. Mahomet was a greater benefactor to his followers; for, if we may believe him (and who should know better than himself?), his sweat produced the rose, which reveals its beauty to all without any conditions whatever, and has charms even for the blind.

Having completed his inspection of the tea-districts adjoining Ayuka's temple, and bid adieu to his hospitable Buddhist hosts, Mr. Fortune, on his return to Ning-po, visited Tse-kee, an ancient city some ten miles distant. Crowds of inquisitive people thronged at once round the stranger, questioning him as to where he came from, where he was going to, and what he wanted to buy; but all good-humouredly, and with great deference and respect. In the middle of the city he found an excellently supplied market, fully half a mile long, and literally crammed with articles of food. Here is a sketch from it:

"Frogs seemed much in demand. They are brought to market in tubs and baskets, and the vendor employs himself in skinning them as he sits making sales. He is extremely expert at this part of his business. He takes up the frog in his left hand; and with a knife, which he holds in his right, chops off the fore-part of its head. The skin is then drawn back over the body and down to the feet, which are chopped off and thrown away. The poor frog, still alive, but headless, skinless, and without feet, is then thrown into another

tub, and the operation is repeated on the rest in the same way. Every now and then the artist lays down his knife, and takes up his scales to weigh these animals for his customers and make his sales. Every thing in this civilised country, whether it be gold or silver, geese or frogs, is sold by weight."

The scenery round Tse-kee is beautiful in the extreme, and the most lovely spots on the hill-sides are chosen for graves. The ashes of the dead are visited at stated times by the surviving relatives, who burn incense and sycee paper, and chant prayers in commemoration of the departed spirits. No doubt much genuine sorrow is felt; but the custom necessarily involves a good deal of acting, in which the celestials are adepts. On one occasion the author saw a gaily-dressed lady, with her two female servants, and a coolie carrying provisions, a box of clothes, incense, and sycee paper, at a lately-made tomb. Chatting and laughing gaily with her attendants, she commenced robing herself in sackcloth over her bright satin; but observing that she was in presence of a stranger, she stopped immediately, and threw the gown to her women. Aware of his rudeness, Mr. Fortune retired, but only to a sheltered position, where an opening in a hedge allowed him to look on in safety. The sackcloth was now again assumed, and the wailing commenced in the most business-like manner, continuing about half an hour; when the handsome widow, having consigned the garments of woe once more to the coolie, as gay and bright as before, stepped into her chair and was carried away from the scene of mourning.

Botanist as the author was, and busily engaged in his own proper affairs, like all good and true men of science, he did not forget his brother-labourers. The hilly districts round Tse-kee were particularly rich in beautiful and rare insects, and these were vigorously captured by Mr. Fortune and his servants. The Chinese cannot by any means take in the idea of entomology as a science; and while the mass thought him a little cracked, the more intelligent insisted that the collections were simply made for medicinal purposes. A promise of a few cash (100 cash are equal to about $4\frac{1}{2}d.$) set hundreds of hands at work; and on the author's return to his boat in the evening, the banks of the stream were crowded with old women and young, men, boys, and infants in arms, all huddled together with baskets, basins, hollow bamboos, and other vessels; and "Mâ jung! mâ jung!" (Buy insects! buy insects!) was shouted by a hundred voices. Alas, on examination, butterflies, beetles, dragon-flies, bees,—legs, wings, scales, and antennæ,—were all broken and mixed in the wildest confusion. It was the old story—the insects *must* be wanted for medicine,

and would have to be broken up at any rate: what did it signify? They had come to sell them, according to universal Chinese custom, by the ounce or pound.

Mr. Fortune is a connoisseur in Chinese works of art, and devotes a whole chapter to the subject, giving a full description of the treasures of a brother-enthusiast, a native gentleman of Tse-kee. Both had an equal horror of modern china-ware, and avoided alike carved ivory balls, grotesques in sandal-wood, soapstone, and the like, confining their attention solely to ancient specimens of china, bronzes, enamels, and so forth. The keepers of "old-curiosity shops" (Wardour Street is abundantly represented at Ning-po) took advantage of the eagerness of each antiquary to possess some unique example, and by pitting them against one another enhanced the price of the goods, but without causing any interruption of the friendly intercourse between the *virtuosi*. The author is great on "exquisite bits of crackle," handsome specimens of "old lacquer," and "old gold japan," and becomes quite pathetic over the loss of the art in these modern degenerate days. On the whole, his friend's collection was the finest he had ever seen, and "a real treat." True to the national character, however, the rich Chinese collectors do not appreciate any article of foreign art. A fine picture, bronze, or porcelain vase of barbarian origin might be accepted as a present, but not bought; while they are passionately fond of their own ancient productions, and will not be deterred from purchase by any amount of cost.

The author did not permit his amusements in any way to interfere with his important labours; but perpetually travelling by boat (canals and rivers being the high roads of China), examined the country for miles in all directions, and made arrangements with the small farmers for large supplies of seeds of the tea-plant, and such fruit and forest trees as were likely to suit the climate, or rather climates, of India. The farmers and the peasantry, as a body, he considers a happy race, industrious, peaceful, and contented; but owing to the weakness of the despicable government of China, and its utter venality, the waters swarm with pirates, and the success of the rebels has in addition let loose thousands of bad characters to victimise the people, and rob, pillage, and murder in every direction. The female members of the farmer-class are not so much restricted as those of higher rank, who may neither look on strangers nor speak to them. At first, when Mr. Fortune suddenly appeared in the court of a farmer's house, the ladies would scuttle off on their poor deformed feet, overturning stools, spinning-wheels, and any thing else in their

way. This gradually wore off when they found he was a civilised being; and they would often ask him to sit down and bring him a cup of tea with their own fair hands, going on with their work in his presence, and talking and laughing as gaily as if no foreign "devil" were one of the company. Coy as the lovely creatures are, they have a knack of working themselves into a sort of Berserker rage on small occasion; and he was witness to several outbreaks of the kind. For instance, a couple of men had bought some bamboo-trees which had been duly marked; but in felling they cut down a very fine one not for sale. Just then the wife of the farmer of whom the purchase had been made appeared in a state of great excitement. The rest of the story should be told in the author's own words:

"The old lady was so excited, that she either did not see me, or her anger made her disregard the presence of a stranger. She commenced first in short low sentences to lament the loss of the bamboo; then louder and louder sentence after sentence rolled from her tongue, in which she abused the unfortunate men for their conduct. At last she seemed to have worked herself up to a frantic state of excitement; she threw off her head-dress, tore her hair, and screamed so loud that she might have been heard for more than a mile. Her passion reached the climax at last, and human nature could stand it no longer. With an unearthly yell and a sort of hysteric gulp, she tumbled backwards on the ground, threw her little feet in the air, gave two or three kicks, and all was still. Up to this point I had been rather amused than otherwise; but, as she lay perfectly still, and foamed at the mouth, I became alarmed. The poor men had been standing all this time, hanging their heads and looking as sheepish as possible. I now looked round to see what effect this state of things had on them. They both shrugged their shoulders, laughed, and went on with their work. About a quarter of an hour afterwards I came back to the spot to see how matters stood; she was still lying on the ground, but apparently recovering. I raised her, and begged her to sit up, which she did with a melancholy shake of the head; but she either could not or would not speak. In a little while afterwards I saw her rise up and walk slowly and quietly home. Such scenes as that which I have just noticed are very common in the country."

Mr. Fortune's arrangements with the tea cultivators and farmers being successfully terminated, he returned to Shanghai in order to accomplish the more difficult task of procuring and forwarding to India some first-rate black-tea manufacturers. He found rumours current that the Fokien and Canton men, who are numerous at the port, were about to hoist the standard of the rebel emperor; and very shortly, on going one morning to the city, he saw at a glance that some-

thing unusual had taken place. A small band of men, composed chiefly of the members of one of the numerous secret societies which infest China, had inaugurated an attack on the mandarins by the brutal murder of the Che-heen, one of the chief magistrates. His mangled body lay in his house, which was being gravely pillaged by a body of respectable orderly plunderers, whose proceedings were sanctioned by the victorious rebels. The author ventured among the latter at their head-quarters, and declares that a more blackguard or unruly gang of ruffians he had never seen; and asks, "Will it be credited that a city containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants,—walled and fortified, and, to a certain extent, prepared for an attack,—allowed itself to be taken by a band of marauders scarcely numbering 500 men, badly armed, undisciplined, and bent on plunder?" Yet for more than a year the apathy and cowardice of the citizens submitted to the yoke, and not an attempt was made by them to throw it off. Mr. Fortune severely, and we do not doubt with great justice, blames the foreign residents, inasmuch as they actually encouraged the attack and sympathised with the thieves who executed it. Civil and naval officers, he alleges, missionaries, merchants, and shopkeepers, all, with a few honourable exceptions, were in favour of the debauched band who took Shanghai; scoundrels who spent their days and nights in opium-smoking, in drunkenness, and all kinds of villany, giving out that they were followers of "the Christian king," Tai-ping-wang. In due course the imperial forces invested the city; and then began a series of childish skirmishes between them and the insurgents. These sham-fights were turned into earnest by the commanders of the French ships of war in the port (some of the "honourable exceptions," we presume), who had never looked with a friendly eye on the marauders, and now took occasion of some opportune disputes to bombard them; and finally the rebels, at least all who could, evacuated the city. This was immediately entered by the imperial troops, who at once set it on fire, plundering the wretched inhabitants of what had been left by the rebels, which was not much, and filling their cup of misery to the brim. When the author visited Shanghai a few days after the evacuation, fully one-third of the ancient city was in ruins; and the poor inhabitants were wandering about, looking out for the spots where their dwellings had stood, but most of them so heart-broken and paralysed that they could take no steps to rebuild their shattered walls.

During his sojourn at the temple of Tein-tung, which he made his head-quarters while at work among the hills of the

province of Che-kiang, Mr. Fortune assisted at the obsequies of a priest of the second order. Those of the first order are burnt. "I never had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremony of burning these bodies; but my old friend the priest, with whom I was staying, confessed that the sight was any thing but agreeable." In the present instance, a young priest ran into the house crying out to the author's friend, "Come with me; make haste, for Tang-a is dying." Hastening to the sick man's house, they found him dead. After a few minutes the body was washed and dressed, and for three days lay in state in an open chamber; a lamp, with sticks of incense, was burning day and night, and at intervals four or five yellow-robed priests chanted prayers. The third day the corpse was placed in a coffin, and four tables were arranged with offerings of rice, vegetables, cakes, fruits, and other delicacies,—all the produce of the vegetable kingdom. On two strings were suspended numerous small paper dresses cut in Chinese fashion, and on the ground large quantities of paper made up and painted to imitate ingots of sycee silver. Buddha is easily satisfied, and likes the representation quite as well as the thing figured. A rude painting of the god was hung up in the centre of the court, before which incense was burning; and many objects of minor note completed the picture. "Is not this very fine?" said the priest to me. "Have you any exhibitions of the kind in your country? You must pay it a visit in the evening, when all will be lighted up with candles, and when the scene will be more grand and imposing." In the evening the whole was a blaze of lights, the priests in splendid robes, and the funeral service in full swing, the whole having really an extraordinary and imposing effect. After a time an important addition was made to the company:

"A priest who was sitting at my elbow now whispered in my ear that Buddha himself was about to appear. 'You will not see him, nor shall I, nor any one in the place, except the high-priest, who is clothed in the scarlet robe, and has a star-shaped crown on his head; he will see him.' Some one outside now fired three rockets, and at once every sound was hushed; one might have heard a pin drop on the ground; and the priest at my elbow whispered, 'Buddha comes.' Prostrate yourselves: ah! pull your caps off."

The priest's information was quite correct as to the general invisibility of Buddha; and presently the author's host told him that all worth seeing was over, that it was very late and time to go home; but that the funeral would take place early the next morning, when he should be duly called, if he

wished to attend. At twilight he was awakened by the discharge of fireworks; and dressing hastily, was just in time to join the procession. This was swelled as it passed the dwellings (minor temples) of the priests by numerous sacerdotal accessions, and wound along the mountain-pathway until, at the last temple of the range, the body was deposited on two stools in front of one of the great images; and then, "China-like, before proceeding further *all went home to breakfast.*" This important business satisfactorily concluded, the party re-assembled in the temple, the coolies adjusted their ropes to the coffin, and the procession started afresh; but this time the priests only followed a short distance, and the chief-mourner, intimate friends, and servants of the deceased, with a band of music, alone accompanied the dead man to his resting-place, —a retired and beautiful spot, where the coffin was simply placed on the ground, to be covered with thatch or brick-work at a future opportunity. We should not omit to mention, that during the devotional exercises in the temple the Chinese audience "were sitting smoking on each side, and looking on as if this were a play or some other kind of amusement."

Piracy is carried on in all the Chinese waters on such a scale, and so systematically, that the native merchants and traders have, as a matter of course, to arrange for the safe convoy of any goods they may risk in the thousands of junks that perform the office of luggage-trains and waggons in the west. Where they meet with no resistance, the pirates for the most part strip the unhappy victims of property and personal effects, leaving their bodies sound; but opposition rouses that dormant cruelty, that disposition to maim and mangle, which is more or less characteristic of all Asiatics. In spite of their professed contempt for foreign prowess, not only the merchants, but the government officials themselves, are too glad, when possible, to make use of the courage of the strangers, and of the prestige it carries with it. While Mr. Fortune was at Foo-chow-foo, a small American steamer was chartered to convey boxes of treasure, with a guard of mandarins and soldiers, to the island of Formosa, where the rebellion was going on, and where it was necessary to have money to pay the expenses of the war; and he took this opportunity of visiting the island. The decks were covered with Chinese soldiers, their luggage and arms of all sorts,—bows and arrows, short swords, matchlocks, and bamboo shields,—and the sycee silver was safely stowed on board. The Yankee captain, however, understood his passengers: the coast was swarming with pirates both on land and at sea, and the money

was an extraordinary temptation ; so “ the night, from eight p.m. to four next morning, was divided into four watches of two hours each ; and as we numbered in all about eight or nine persons (Europeans), there was enough to have two for each watch.” Armed, therefore, with pistol, cutlass, and matchlock, a couple of foreign devils watched over the ship, the money, the soldiers, and the mandarins ; the Chinese military being treated as absolutely less than nothing in reckoning up the defensive force, and accepting this negative position as right and proper. No alarm of consequence occurred ; and the passage of about a hundred miles being rapidly run over, the brave warriors, who, notwithstanding the semi-amphibious nature of the seaboard population, had sacrificed profusely to Neptune, recovered their legs and their spirits, and landed with bag and baggage in great force.

Our author's estimate of Chinese character is evidently intended to be very impartial : if, indeed, he shows any bias, it is in passing over somewhat too lightly broad facts which tell against them not only as individuals, but as a race ; and many of the abominable vices which we know from other authorities to exist among them are not alluded to, probably because they did not come under his immediate observation. On the whole, he does not modify in any material way our opinion as to the entire hollowness of Chinese civilisation,—that child of centuries of isolation from the great family of nations, educated under the deadly influence of cold metaphysical systems, combinations of superstition, and infidelity. The Chinese mind is essentially infidel ; and more unpromising ground for the labours of the missionary priest cannot be found among the wildest savages that traverse the plains of Africa. No country in modern days has been so watered with the blood of martyrs, and produced so barren a harvest ; for the Catholics of China, confessors though they be, are but a grain of wheat in a wide-spread desert. In all matters of trade, politics, and economical science, the shrewd, clear, wily intellect of the Chinese is more than a match for the energy of the European ; and it is useless to talk to him of religion when his sagacity has satisfied him beyond a doubt that the heart of the western merchant is where his treasure is—in chests of tea and opium, and in bales of silk ; that whatever his faith may be, his works are works of commerce, inspired solely by the god of dollars. In former times, when Catholic nations pushed discovery and conquest into unknown lands, their first thought was to plant the Cross on the new soil. God forbid that we should defend the atrocious acts which defiled some of those expeditions, the bar-

barous cruelties, violence, and extortion, which yet belonged as much to the times as to the men. They sinned; and the punishment fell on individuals and on nations, and it continues to this day as a warning. Yet, with all this, the great fact remains: wherever they conquered, there souls were won; and if they appeared as ministers of vengeance, they carried with them not the less the tidings of the mercy of God. Times have changed; and though the ploughshare and the loom have not altogether replaced the sword and the spear, the immense increase of the western populations in days of comparative peace has brought with it the need of gigantic industry to fill millions of mouths with food, and to supply them with clothing. Foremost among these nations stands the British. We have overflowed our borders, and spread our language, our trade, our customs, and our laws, into the four quarters of the globe. Though not unstained by the cruelties of conquest, our yoke has been, as a rule, a relief to the people, who in submitting to us have exchanged a harsh tyranny for one more endurable; who have found some substance of justice where even the name did not exist. But our Protestant Christianity, what as to that? Let India, Australia, Africa, the West Indies,—let America, and a hundred ocean islands, answer the question. It has done literally nothing; and it is well, though perhaps not for us, that it is so. Material prosperity has been our one great object; and this has been exclusively pursued with an energy, activity, and intelligence,—a courage, skill, and perseverance,—which has overborne all opposition and outstripped the world. Our success has been rapid and proportionate; is it equally sound and secure? We think not, and point to India as a pregnant illustration. We had indoctrinated that continent with the true principles of commerce; we had established courts of law, where the relations of *meum* and *tuum* were settled on a sound basis, and the rights of property duly enforced; we had bestowed titles of honour on native merchant-princes, and had begun to train the iron horse to bear the produce of the land, and the iron wire to whisper the price of the market;—but all the while the gods of the Hindoos were grinning in their temples, the crescent of Mahomet shone with undimmed lustre. Our Indian government has proved a total and miserable failure; and after a dreadful interval, must be re-established on a widely different plan, which even the mere politician now admits must include some faint recognition of the existence of Christianity as a subordinate element. We have been led to these observations by the last chapter in the author's volume, which he devotes to the consideration of our

present quarrel with the Chinese about the lorch *Arrow*. This is purely a commercial "difficulty," and if it involved no further consequences than the extension or diminution of our trade with the port of Canton, we should regard it with little interest; but China is as India was, and, in truth, most important matters are concerned; the end, as Mr. Fortune observes, "is most difficult for those even who are best acquainted with China and the Chinese to foresee." The merits of the case it is not easy to understand. It *seems* very like extemporising a grievance on slender grounds in order to have an excuse for enforcing the provisions of a treaty which has been left in abeyance by a most blundering policy at headquarters here. These lorches, it appears, are rarely owned or sailed by Englishmen; they fly the Portuguese flag, and are numbered and registered at Macao. Some are common traders, some act as armed vessels in convoying junks, and not a few are inveterate smugglers; and the author considers it as a great abuse that they should be allowed to sail under the English flag without any efficient control. As matters stand, however, he is clear that we cannot retract: "Whether we were right or wrong, therefore, at the commencement of this unfortunate dispute, it is now absolutely necessary for us to carry it through until our relations are placed upon a firm and satisfactory basis;" and this "in order to be humane in the strictest sense of the term, to prevent future war and bloodshed." For ourselves, we look upon the struggle as the insertion of the narrow end of the wedge which is to rend asunder the isolation of this strange pagan empire, and make a free passage whereby not only English commerce may find its way to the very core, but through which the light of the Truth may reach the most distant corner. It is to the credit of English good faith in her system, that she seeks no monopoly of advantage in her treaties of commerce; where she goes, there the road is open for others to compete with her on equal terms; and it will not be her fault if the Catholic states of Europe are behindhand in seizing the opportunity which, in all human probability, will soon be afforded them of insuring ample security and stability to their missions. The policy of isolation once infringed, a heavy blow may be dealt at the overweening conceit and self-sufficiency of the literate Chinese; and their influence weakened, an attack on the prejudices of the humbler classes would follow with immense increase of force and chance of success. For these reasons, we are not inclined to criticise with any very particular minuteness the technicalities of the precise matter at issue; the time for doing so is past. On the other hand, we rejoice at the prospect of

a negotiation, even though it should be attended unfortunately with some amount of bloodshed, which will have the effect of opening up afresh this fine country, with its millions of busy souls, to wider efforts of the missionary priest, and of restoring the free exercise of their religion to those scattered children of the Church who live there in hourly danger of torture and death.

We must not conclude without a word of commendation to Mr. Fortune. In addition to his very graphic and numerous details of Chinese domestic life and manners, the reader will find much information as to the natural productions of the extensive districts visited by him in the active performance of his duties. Somehow these botanical gentlemen have the knack of being very entertaining as well as instructive. We suppose the contemplation of the flowers of the field in the dewy morning is exhilarating, for it is rare to meet an open-air writer who is dull and tedious; and we trust some one like our author, or Dr. Hooker, may ever be wandering in tea-districts in China, or climbing the Himalayas after rhododendrons, in our service. There are plenty of other places, too, which will afford great materials, and about which we know less.

DÖLLINGER'S HEATHENISM AND JUDAISM.

Heidenthum und Judenthum: Vorhalle zur Geschichte des Christenthums. Von Joh. Jos. Ign. Döllinger. Manz, Regensburg. 1857.—*Heathenism and Judaism: the Vestibule to the History of Christianity.* By J. Josh. Ign. Döllinger. Manz, Ratisbon. 1857. 8vo, pp. 885.

WHEN, in a former Number* of the *Rambler*, we reviewed Dr. Döllinger's work on *Hippolytus and Callistus*, we had occasion to mention the learned and interesting sketches it contained of heathen society in ancient Rome. Dr. Döllinger has now produced a work in which not only the society of ancient Rome, but of the entire heathen and Jewish world, up to the time of Christianity, is portrayed in its religious, philosophical, and moral aspects on a scale of completeness hitherto, as he thinks, unattempted; nor are we able to adduce any book on the same subject worthy of being compared for

* No. xxii. vol. iv.

a moment with the volume at the head of this article. It is certain, that if you wish thoroughly to understand the history of Christianity, you must first of all thoroughly understand the heathen and Jewish systems of religion which mankind professed anterior to it. You must understand what kind of ground Christianity found to plant its foot upon, what the doctrines and speculations were to which it could attach itself, what circumstances cleared the way for it, or facilitated its diffusion; what obstacles, prejudices, and errors it had to overcome, what enemies to fight against, what evils to cure. This is the task which Dr. Döllinger seeks in his new work to enable you to accomplish. It is divided into ten books; nine of which are devoted to the heathen nations of antiquity, and the tenth to the Jews. The first book gives a territorial and political view of the Roman empire under Augustus, and then of the states and kingdoms east and west beyond the Roman frontier. The second book enters on the subject of the religions of antiquity; treating first the religion of Greece, its twelve Olympic divinities, its inferior divinities, its demons and heroes. The origin of the Greek polytheism is thus described by Dr. Döllinger:

“All the heathen religions, as they now subsisted from olden times among the united nations of the Roman empire, had the deification of nature or of nature's powers for their foundation. The elements, the sun, the heavens, the planets, the special objects of nature, physical phenomena,—these it was that, deified and worshipped, led to the rise and development of the polytheistic religions. When once an obscuration of man's original consciousness of God, a self-guilty estrangement on his part from the one living God, had set in; when man, even under the preponderating sway of sensuality and sensual pleasure, and consequently weakened in his moral freedom, was also no longer capable of apprehending the Divinity as a purely spiritual and supernatural being, distinct from, and infinitely exalted above, the world,—then it inevitably happened that, wholly banished and shut up with his intellectual horizon within the limits of nature, he sought to satisfy the innate necessity of his soul to believe in and worship the Divinity by a deification of material nature: for even in a state of obscuration, the idea of a Divinity, no longer known, it is true, but still surmised and felt, continued to be powerful; and the truth that the Divinity revealed itself as every where present and active in nature was perceived. Now all nature unfolded herself before the senses of men as a boundless domain, in which an infinite fullness of immeasurable and incalculable powers and energies not to be subdued was comprised. Every where she confronted them, even there where—already superior to the first impressions of the senses—men had penetrated deeper and deeper into her interior life, as an inscrutable mystery. But at the same time

there was developed among them a sympathy for naturalism, easily heightened into a passion, which led them to give themselves up the more willingly to nature's powers and impulses; so that while men were entangled more and more by her spell, and dragged down by her weight, their moral consciousness was disturbed in an equal degree, and their merely physical impulses completely let loose" (pp. 54, 55).

In discussing, in the third book of his work, the mysteries and doctrines of Orpheus, our author begins by correcting the common mistake, that the mysteries in question had any thing to do with a secret doctrine transmitted down in an hereditary manner through particular generations of priests or theologians, and spoken as a commentary in explanation of the symbolical acts and representations,—a monotheistic doctrine, as it were, by which the prevailing errors of the popular polytheism should be corrected. In the mysteries no doctrinal lectures were given, no dogmatical instruction took place; the understanding was not appealed to, the senses were appealed to instead; for the whole thing was nothing but a play, preceded by purifications, sacrifices, and injunctions how to behave. The fate of certain gods, their joys and sorrows, their appearance on the earth, their relations to men, their death or their descent into the nether world, their return or resurrection,—all this was represented in a series of dramatic scenes arranged for a nightly festival, and got up, especially at Athens, in the most brilliant manner, with every appliance of art and sensual pomp, with dancing and singing; so that nothing could be more calculated to seize powerfully the fancy and feelings of the spectators, in whose breasts the most opposite sensations of horror and delight, of sadness, fear, and hope, were alternately excited. All that was done in the mysteries generally was comprised under the designation of "things shown, acted, and spoken." Certain objects, symbols or relics, held as especially holy, were the things shown. The things acted were the dramatic representations of the deeds and fates of the gods, to which sacrifices and purifications were added. The things spoken were partly "sacred legends," as they were called, in which some mythical event, something done or suffered by a divinity, was related in explanation of a symbol or rite; partly liturgical forms, short enigmatical exclamations referring to the incidents represented, besides prayers and hymns. Hence the mysteries were certainly founded on a doctrine; or a doctrine might be drawn from them, as in reality was the case, though in a very contradictory manner. Only this doctrine was not propounded as such; it was partly a supposition, it lay partly veiled in

the symbols exhibited, in the divine histories represented, and in the forms of prayer; and in what way each person chose to interpret all this was left wholly to his own powers of reflection and the degree of mental culture he possessed. The principal doctrine thus drawn from the mysteries was, that a much more blissful state of existence after death was reserved for their adepts than for the rest of the world. And this was the main secret of the charm which the mysteries exercised, especially in Greece, where the Eleusinian mysteries at Athens, on which Dr. Döllinger dwells at great length, surpassed all the rest, as well in the assurance which they imparted of a happy hereafter, as in the artistic splendour and tasteful beauty of their dramatic decorations. Still neither the Eleusinian nor any other ancient mysteries appear to have found favour in the eyes of the ancient philosophers, who speak of them in terms either of contempt or positive blame—Plato, Plutarch, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and the Jewish philosopher Philo—as of a degrading and demoralising tendency. With regard to the early Christian apologists, their judgment upon the mysteries was of the most damning sort. Clement of Alexandria, for instance, who evidently had an exact knowledge of them, declares them to have been institutions full of fraud and jugglery, in which religious rites of revolting cruelty and indecency were performed.

In his fourth book, our author describes the priesthood, sacrifices, oracles, and entire ceremonial of Greek worship. The office of a priest had nothing to do in ancient Greece with the preservation or inculcation of any doctrine whatever; as among the Greeks nothing was ever taught about religion, the legends of the gods being handed down by popular tradition and the verses of the poets. A Greek priest had only to perform sacrificial rites, to take care of the temple and the property belonging to it. No particular bent of mind, no learned education, were required to qualify him for his duties. Thus the ancient writers, Plutarch and Dio Chrysostomos for example, when alluding to the kinds of men adapted to throw light on religious questions, never mention priests, but only poets, philosophers, legislators, sculptors, and painters. Physical beauty of person was a special recommendation for the Grecian priesthood, as also virginal purity; so that in the latter case the office of a priest or priestess was only filled by young boys and girls till a certain age, when they were replaced by others. The Greeks appear to have been much given to prayer; but they prayed only for earthly goods as the rule—for victory, health, long life, and plenty of money: seldom or ever for such a thing as moral virtue; which, in-

deed, Plato expressly says, every one must procure for himself, as it is no gift of the gods. The heathen Greek prayed standing, not kneeling. This posture he abhorred, as barbarous and superstitious. He prayed with a loud voice, with his arms spread out towards heaven. But if his prayer was addressed to the subterranean gods, he stamped on the earth with his feet or struck it with his hands. To blow kisses to the gods was a sign of the highest perfection of prayer. Great importance was attached by the Greek devotee to calling the gods by their right names, or by names especially agreeable to them. As these names were often uncertain, he was very cautious how he expressed himself, and added: "Whether this name or another name be more agreeable to thee." Far more efficacy, however, was attributed by the Greeks to curses than to prayers; as is ever the case in all natural religions, where fear is more powerful than love or confidence. The Greek uttered curses much oftener than blessings. While they seem not to have known the custom of blessing their children, they believed firmly, like all the rest of antiquity, that the curse of a parent on an ungrateful or undutiful child was sure of the most terrible fulfilment. The Greeks worshipped the images of the gods because they deemed them to contain the divinity itself, in the same way as the body contains the soul. It was when an image was solemnly consecrated for the temple that the god it represented was supposed to descend into it and reside in it. "When does your god begin to exist?" says Minucius Felix, expressing the common opinion of Greeks and Romans. "See, he is cast, wrought, and carved; still he is no god. See, he is coated with lead, put together, set up; and still he is no god. See, he is decked-out, consecrated, and prayed to: now at last he is a god, when the good pleasure of a mortal has consecrated him as such" (p. 217).

The fifth book of our author's work treats of the Greek philosophy, and its influence upon the religious opinions and conduct of the people; as also of the development of religious ideas among the Greeks from the sixth century before Christ.

"It was first of all," says Dr. Döllinger, "the cosmogonic theogony of the poets, especially as propounded by Hesiod, which supplied the material and contained the charm for the sifting and shaping activity of the awakening spirit of inquiry among the Greeks. The cosmogonic problem, how the world and the multiplicity of finite things had arisen out of one primordial being, was in the first place to be solved. Here, then, was the birthplace of Greek philosophy,—the greatest and noblest fruit of the Hellenic mind, of that philosophy which a Christian doctor of the Church (Clement of Alexandria) afterwards declared to be a gift bestowed by Divine Providence it-

self on the best of the Greeks as a prefiguration of Christianity; but which, it must be owned, found itself even from its commencement, and throughout its whole career, now in open, now in disguised contradiction to, now in direct, now in indirect warfare with, the state religion and the religious ideas of the people" (p. 222).

After duly passing in review the Ionic school of philosophy, Heraclitus and his school, Pythagoras with his theory of transmigration of souls, the Eleatic school, the pantheistic system of Empedocles, then the grossly atomistic system of Democritus, who even pronounced the soul to be nothing but an aggregate of round fiery particles in a constant state of renewal by the process of breathing, and as giving motion to and pervading our thick visible bodies like a second body of finer texture,—withal that this great philosopher expressed his opinion that the soul was only capable of thinking rationally when her warmth was at a proper temperature, so that if she was either too hot or too cold she could only think nonsense!—after describing the sophists Protagoras, Gorgias, Prodicus, Cretias, Antiphon, &c., with their materialist and atheistic views, Dr. Döllinger arrives at Socrates, whom he thus introduces to our notice:

"The founder of Attic philosophy, the sculptor Socrates, was, in the language of Athens, a sophist like the rest; for so every one was then called who pursued philosophic speculations, and made the extension of his views by means of public lectures or conversation the business of his life. Like the others, he was fond of devoting his activity to youth, of mingling in conversation and disquisition with the rest of the sophists; he was even produced on the stage by Aristophanes as a sample of the whole species: and yet it was a wide chasm that separated him from all others, not excepting the best of them, while his influence was much more powerfully felt on the whole intellectual life of that day. For the entire personal character of the man had something extraordinary and wonderful in it; in the opinion of his contemporaries, he could be compared with nobody, and the effect of intercourse with him operated like an irresistible spell. The impulse which he felt to impart his opinions to every body on every occasion; his readiness, nay, his eagerness, to enter into a dialectical dispute with the first comer; combined with the rare gift not only of conversing with all persons, high and low, in their own particular style, of developing in them the germ of investigation and inquiry, but also of entangling them in admissions the consequences of which they did not foresee; the art of superior dialectics with which he destroyed overweening knowledge; the ironical impulse to draw every thing within the domain of his sharply dissecting reflection,—all this rendered him a wonderful and inimitable phenomenon, calculated deeply and enduringly to stir the minds of men. One understands how by some

he could be revered as a being of a higher order, as a genius concealed under the form of a Silenus; how by others he could be feared, nay, even hated. One also understands how Aristophanes could behold in him a foe to ancient discipline and morals; a cavilling doubter about every thing, dangerous to youth; the teacher of a political cosmopolitism utterly worthless; and how, as such, he could turn his arms against him" (pp. 246, 247).

From Dr. Döllinger's account of the Socratic philosophy, we learn that the celebrated demon, or genius, of Socrates was an interior voice perceptible by the sage from his early youth, which spoke only to warn or hold him in check, never to urge him forward. He himself did not personify it as his genius, but only called it something demonian, viz. something extraordinary or inexplicable, which he implicitly obeyed, and about which he spoke without reserve, even jocularly, as a well-known thing. This interior monitor only instructed him as to his personal conduct; and among other things, had forbidden him to take part in public affairs. Dr. Döllinger closes his account of Socrates with a survey of the mental culture of the Greeks in general as it stood in relation to religion up to the death of that philosopher, and briefly characterises the great lights of Greek literature belonging to this period. He then passes to Plato and Aristotle. Plato's doctrine he describes as not having originated merely in a love of scientific speculation, but in a conviction that philosophy among the Greeks was called to do what the state could not do,—to free the mind from delusion and sin, and establish a system of divine things suitable to the requirements of the human intellect, the order of the universe, and the destiny of man. Hence Plato's doctrine, more than any other system of antiquity, is also religion; it involved, in fact, the attempt, at least among the higher classes of society, to take the place of the traditional religion; and if it had succeeded, it would necessarily have changed by degrees the form, both inwardly and outwardly, of entire heathenism.

"Three fundamental errors of heathenism," says Dr. Döllinger, "Plato perseveringly opposed: first, the idea of a contest or dissension of the gods among themselves; secondly, the delusion that the gods, actuated by dark human passions,—by envy, hatred, or anger,—were also the dispensers of evil; and thirdly, the universal opinion that the gods were easily to be propitiated by sacrifices, forms of prayer, and ceremonies, for wicked deeds. He was thus brought into a peculiar relation to Greek mythology: for, on the one hand, he was well aware that if the people were to venerate the gods, it would not do for these to be mere shadows and abstractions, but that they must have a history; and that such histories of the

gods could not be dispensed with in education, as they formed the most suitable mental nourishment for youth, and would have to make the future citizen of the state acquainted with the popular faith: on the other hand, he found that most of the myths proceeded from false and unworthy ideas of the gods and heroes, necessarily calculated to awaken and nourish such ideas in the minds of youth. Hence he considered the high authority of the Homeric poems, from which the Greeks drew their first mental nourishment and imbibed their religious notions, as a misfortune, and wished by all means to have these poems excluded from the instruction of youth. The allegorical or physical explanation of the myths, such as the sophists even then employed, he deemed worthless; still he thought that, for the sake of the good end proposed, deception was on the whole allowable, and that as a means of conveying instruction fables and legends were indispensable, therefore that divine and heroic legends ought constantly to be composed; but that the legendary poets ought to be placed under state surveillance, their fictions examined, and mothers and nurses required only to relate to their children such fables and myths as had the approval of the government. Undoubtedly the philosophic spirit of the Greeks took its highest flight in the doctrine of Plato. That this doctrine should operate during seven centuries more powerfully and deeply than any other system on the human mind, was owing principally to its bearing on the religious necessities and presentiments of man, to its endeavour to adopt for itself those purer ideas of the popular religion which were capable of spiritualisation, and to fill up the voids left by heathen worship. For Platonism also claims to be essentially a morally strengthening doctrine, proclaiming and offering salvation. Plato defines the task of his philosophy to be a redemption, a deliverance, a separating of the soul from the body; as a dying and as a meditating on death, as a purifying of the soul from all pleasure and pain, which nail as it were the soul to the body and make it body-like. He ascribes to his dogmas a regenerating power; and is of opinion that those who should only learn by his doctrine to attribute the blame of their embarrassment and uncertainty to themselves, would grow dissatisfied with themselves, and would fly from themselves to philosophy in order to become otherwise than what they had been. A prophetic glance it is into the future when he draws the picture of the most exalted righteousness or of perfect virtue, how it is tried and glorified by suffering, and describes a righteous man who, laden with the strongest appearance of unrighteousness, is shaken by nothing in his sentiments,—who is bound, scourged, racked, blinded, and at last nailed to the cross! Thus is Plato unquestionably a prophet and forerunner of Christianity; but it must be owned that he is so, on the whole, more in a negative way, because his doctrine stirred up and brought more clearly home to the consciousness of men wants which it was unable itself seriously or permanently to satisfy, as also because it first of all made the interior incoherency of the Hellenic

doctrine of the gods by its re-interpretations and endeavours at reform so very evident, and sought to give this religion an ideal which could not fail to burst the musty vessel in course of time. Plato's monotheistic notion of God is the purest which pre-Christian speculation ever reached; but even he did not reach the knowledge of the full, living, unconditionally free, personal nature of God. In antiquity even, and in the early Christian times, a divine Trinity was often supposed to have been found in him. Alcinous, by an arbitrary distortion of Platonic doctrine, and by a combination of it with Aristotelian doctrine, elicited a complete divine trias; and the New-Platonists made out of predicates of God, which Plato but distinguished notionally, self-subsisting hypostases, by which Christian theologians allowed themselves to be seduced to infer from single utterances the doctrine, or at least the presentiment of a doctrine, which nevertheless was in reality foreign to him. True, Plato himself distinguishes between God, the original world of ideas, and the world, which he also calls God, or the soul of the world: but the last is with him a specially created, not an eternal God; and between the totality of ideas, which with Plato is not conceived as a true personal unity, and the Christian Logos, there is a wide difference" (pp. 299-301).

From Plato Dr. Döllinger turns to Plato's greatest scholar and opponent, Aristotle,—the philosopher of nature, in contrast to his master as the philosopher of mind, and of the ideal world beyond nature; so that while the latter cared nothing for strict logical system, but only thought how he could reduce his wealth of ideas to form, and give them dialogistical development, Aristotle, on the other hand, was the dogmatic systematiser, who in a plain and succinct style, adapted to express every thing in the shortest manner, with an accurate knowledge of all that had been achieved up to his time, asserts complete mastery over his subject, and sometimes despatches in a few lines what Plato has spun out in several dialogues.

"Between the God of Plato," says our author, "and the God of the Stagyrte, is an essential difference. Plato's God is an intelligent power, which knows the world, and operates upon it by shaping, regulating, and preserving it. But the First Cause of Aristotle is pure intelligence without power; an eternal, ever-active, simple, infinite, and bodiless substance. As the divine nature is immaterial, there cannot be several Gods; God is therefore one and indivisible, but also a solitary God: if the world were not, he would still be what he is, and in the manner that he is. His action begins and ends in him: he thinks, but thinks only the absolutely perfect and beautiful, therefore only himself; and in this self-contemplation he is blessed. God is therefore not an inactive idea, a being sunk in repose, but is eternally active, only that this activity consists purely in the contemplation of himself; as animal life is the life of sensation, as human

life is practical and social life, so is the divine life the life of intelligence in the ever-equal activity of its own solitary self-contemplation, from which, precisely because it is activity, pleasure and delight are inseparable. There is nothing, then, in God but the action of the thought incessantly thinking on himself. He is himself his own object, and can have no other object. From the height of this pure activity the Divine Spirit cannot descend to the individual being, cannot change the object of his thinking, cannot in general think discursively without committing himself to change, without turning from better to worse. True, he operates upon the world; but without knowing it, like the magnet upon iron: and his action on the world is not of his own free will. If God were to know the world, he would also know the evil it contains; but hereby he would have a polluting knowledge degrading to the knower. Thus was the notion of Divine Providence, which Plato had set up, again abandoned. God is certainly the cause of all harmony in the world, but does not even know that this world and its harmony exist. Aristotle compares the action of God upon the world with the influence produced by the beloved object on the lover; not by a mechanical shock can God, who is himself immovable, move the world, but only in such a way as beauty or goodness moves the soul, as the object of desire moves him who desires it" (pp. 306, 307).

After giving an account of the Stoic and Epicurean systems, Dr. Döllinger concludes his sixth book with a picture of the decay and impotency of Greek philosophy in many respects bearing a striking resemblance to the decay and impotency of modern Protestantism. His seventh book treats of the Asiatic and African religions, especially those of Persia and Egypt. The most wonderful was undoubtedly the religion of Egypt. One of its peculiarities is well known to have been the adoration paid to brutes. These, it seems, were viewed as holders or vessels of the divinity, whereby the social fellowship of the gods with men was affected; inasmuch as the divinity, by selecting the brute as his earthly tenement, rendered it possible for men to have him constantly in their proximity, and by their assiduous and respectful care of him to lay him under the obligation of being grateful to them in return. The instinct of brutes, their wonderful presentiment of the future, the certainty and uniformity of brute-life,—all this seemed to convince the Egyptians that the brute was the residence and organ of a higher being; and their notion was, that the Deity had specially chosen the brute for this purpose, but not man, because the latter as an individual, as a being capable of willing and choosing for himself, stood opposed to the Divinity, and could not, therefore, be used by it as a tool without will. Oxen, cats, lions, dogs, weasels, otters, sparrow-hawks, lapwings, storks, birganders, and eels, were universally

worshipped. To kill one of these animals was a capital crime, not to be pardoned. If a house took fire, the Egyptians thought much more of saving the sacred cats than extinguishing the flames. Every family in Egypt possessed its sacred animal, which was perfumed, bathed, anointed, richly adorned, and put to bed at night on a soft cushion. If it died, the family went into mourning for it as for a child. If it was a cat that died, they cut off their eyebrows; if a dog gave up the ghost, they shaved their heads and the rest of their bodies. The Egyptians regarded the soul, like all the rest of antiquity, not as a purely spiritual and immaterial being, but as a bodily substance of a finer sort, which after death had to perform a variety of transmigrations before it could be sufficiently purified for the full beatific vision of the divine light of the sun. A state of pure contemplation, however, was not believed to be the bliss ultimately reserved for the souls of the dead. It was rather believed that they would pursue the avocations of this life in the next, and continue to dig, sow, and reap in the fields of heaven. The souls of the dead, it was thought, enjoyed a double life, and frequently found pleasure in revisiting the sanctuaries of the gods, as well as the bodies they had once inhabited on earth. This led to the bodies of deceased Egyptians being carefully embalmed as mummies, so as to endure incorrupt for ages; while such was the value they bore in the eyes of the living, that every limb had its particular god to protect it, which made up nineteen gods for the entire body.

Dr. Döllinger's seventh book describes the religions of the West,—of the Etruscans, Romans, Gauls, and Germans. The religion of Rome naturally occupies the most prominent place in this book. In the eighth book, we have a view of the state of religion and philosophy throughout the Roman empire from the end of the republic till the Antonines. At length, in the ninth book, the subject of the heathen world is brought to a close with a picture of the social and moral condition of things in Greece, in Rome, and in the Roman empire. Here we are shown in a most impressive manner how entirely both religion and philosophy failed to provide a remedy for that mortal disease of heathen antiquity which Dr. Döllinger well designates as the want of all notion of *conscience*. We are shown how there existed neither among Greeks nor Romans any thing like a received code of objective morality; how conscience was a mere matter of private opinion and interest, how there was no moral responsibility or true freedom. We are shown how slavery formed the foundation on which the entire social and political life of the Greeks reposed; how

Plato and Aristotle were the most decided advocates of the principle of slavery in its entire iniquity; how, among other moral horrors, the abomination of unnatural lust was emphatically the national vice of Greece in the heyday of its intellectual refinement; how even Socrates sanctioned it in theory; how Plato celebrated it in his dialogues, and Aristotle practised it; how in the Doric states, in Crete and Sparta, it was actually encouraged as a means of education, nay, legally enacted. We are shown how at Athens a far more careful and accomplished education was systematically bestowed on those females intended for a career of sin than on those destined for domestic married life. In Rome, the picture of moral depravity given by our author derives perhaps additional horror from its gigantic dimensions and the coarser features of the Roman character.

“Those men,” says he, “who ranked as the foremost men of their time, men like Tacitus, were swayed by a profound feeling of discouragement or sadness: they acknowledged the futility of the contest against the prevailing depravity, they saw the impotence of all legislation; nowhere could they discover the germ of a new life, of a great, moral, and political regeneration. Tacitus did not doubt but that Rome lay under the weight of Divine wrath. In this way they were seized by the feeling that every thing earthly was empty and stale, that human life was nothing but a great farce. Even Cicero had regarded the contempt of all human things as a sign of greatness of mind: in the times of the emperors, when men were also shut out from all political activity, this view of the emptiness of life became more frequent; all reference to a higher life beyond the grave was wanting. Only then could this contempt of human things be reduced to its just standard, and life be awarded its true value, when He should be made known to men who bound, as it were with a golden chain, this temporary existence as a preparatory step to another and eternal existence, and thereby gave to life its true meaning and its highest importance. The Stoic philosophy had found itself compelled to declare that the real wise man—the ideal of virtue and moral heroism—had not as yet appeared on the earth. Thus on all sides the feeling of unsatisfied moral and spiritual wants was diffused. As good men longed for a visibly shining model of human virtue, on which they might constantly build up and test their moral sense, so they also desired a fixed divine doctrine, which should secure them from the labyrinth of opinions, conjectures, and doubts respecting the end of existence and the state of man after death; they yearned after a rule and discipline of life, which, placed beyond the reach of the fluctuating wilfulness of their own inclinations, should afford support and confidence to their conduct; and the spectacle of the Roman empire may well have awakened in them the presentiment of another empire, which, uniting the nations of the world under a free and voluntary obedience, should have the pro-

mise of duration ; which should not, like the Roman, be threatened by a crime-avenging God with destruction" (pp. 732, 733).

The tenth and last book of Dr. Döllinger's work is devoted to the Jews ; and treats of their historical development as a nation, of their law, of their religious doctrines, and of the last things of the Jewish Church and State. A main feature of interest in this book is the account of the Jewish philosopher Philo, who viewed Plato, next to Moses, as the greatest of men, and formed his system of philosophy by combining the doctrines of both.

But we will now close our notice of Dr. Döllinger's work. He has long enjoyed a high reputation, as one of the ablest writers of the day in controversial theology and ecclesiastical history ; but this masterly production at once raises him to the rank of a standard classic in the literature of his age and country. The study of antiquity in future cannot be pursued properly without consulting it. That the transcendent merits of the work are such as to render it invulnerable to criticism, we are by no means prepared to assert ; so vast a design could hardly escape some inequalities in the execution. An inequality no less palpable than surprising, as we think, in the present case is the meagre account of ancient German mythology, which Dr. Döllinger has despatched in about five pages, simply out of Cæsar and Tacitus ; so that what he tells us respecting a branch of heathenism on which Christianity operated so marvellously, far from adding to the stock of modern knowledge, rather falls below it. On the subject of magic and oracles, too, we should have liked from so eminent a divine as Dr. Döllinger a more full and explicit opinion of their supernatural pretensions than he has embodied for our guidance in the copious narration of facts. Nor is this the only point on which we could have wished for a less rigid adherence to the objectively historical character of the work. We could point out what we think to be other defects ; but so entirely out of proportion to the merits which surround them, that we gladly pass them by. The great bulk of readers at the present day are so frivolous in their tastes, and so disinclined to any thing involving learning or thought ; or when this is not the case, they are so completely paganised and anti-Christian in their views,—that we wish in nowise to appear to assist by any critical cavilling of ours such a state of things in the opposition it will not fail to offer to a work like that of our author's acquiring the applause and popularity it deserves. On the contrary, we wish to do all we can to spread the knowledge and reputation of it as widely as possible, convinced that the Catholic intellect of this century has produced

few works as yet so calculated to operate as a sure antidote to the radical disease of our day, namely, its rationalist and pagan predilections—few works which, on the relative merits of Christianity and classical heathenism in a moral and social point of view, so completely hit the nail upon the head as Dr. Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum: Vorhalle zum Christenthum*.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Great Evil, or Mortal Sin. By the Rev. J. Furniss. (Books for Children. Duffy.) Father Furniss possesses the rare art of speaking on religious subjects in a manner to interest children and to be understood by them. His devoted labours for their spiritual improvement have been chiefly, if not exclusively, among the poor, and we should gather from the character of his books, the very depraved. At any rate, it is to this last class that some of them are more suitable than to those who do not need frightening into religion. We can hardly imagine any thing more calculated to terrify a depraved child than the tract before us.

Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by the Author of the "Eclipse of Faith." (London, Longmans.) *Slavery ordained of God.* By the Rev. F. A. Ross, D.D. (Trübner and Co.) We could almost find it in our heart to pity respectable Protestantism when it discovers such gentlemen as Messrs. Greyson and Ross among its prominent disciples. These writers, we suppose, must find *some* readers; and considering what are the frequent phenomena of unrestrained private judgment, there would perhaps be nothing remarkable in the fact that the writers of such books could claim a considerable following of admiring disciples. Their eccentricities are, however, perfect gems in their own way. Mr. Greyson (really Professor Rogers) is of the Spurgeon school, and considers that there is nothing like a joke for convincing people who are in any difficulties about religious truth. We almost owe our readers an apology for presenting them with the following specimen of this writer's notions of the right way of treating religious subjects, it is so abominably profane. But we must give it, if only to show what the professedly "philosophical" school can become, when it once mounts the tub and apes the mountebank. This disgusting dialogue is supposed to be an answer to a personage who had taken it into his head that the injunction laid upon Adam in paradise was what he calls "unmoral."

"I remember hearing of an Irish lecturer, who supposed these commands addressed by an angel to an Irish Adam. The answers were given, I was told, in a truly Irish manner; yet I think very naturally. As I did not hear the lecturer myself, I cannot precisely report the Irish Adam's answers, nor can I imitate the true paradisaic brogue; but I believe they would very reasonably run something like this:

'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'

'Arrah, thin, your honour; I never as much as heard of any other at all, at all.'

'*Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,*' &c.

'Why thin, plase your honour's glory, I cannot say I ever felt the laste taste of a temptation in life for that same. Do ye think I'd be afther making a brute baste of myself?'

'*Thou shalt not take the name,*' &c.

'And wouldn't it be mighty *quare* if I did, your honour?'

'*Thou shalt honour,*' &c.

'By the powers, did ye never know that my father and mother are not yet born? and how thin would I *dishonour* them?'

'*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*'

'Sure it would be sthrange if I committed adultery with my own wife; for sorra another woman do I see here; and she's enough, any way.' (N.B. Too much, in one sense, Adam soon found her.)"

Dr. Ross's line is different from that of Mr. Greyson. He is all for the tremendously poetical and gorgeous. He is "pastor of the Presbyterian church, Huntsville, Alabama," and is a popular advocate of the slave-holding party in the southern states. Happy and blessed congregation of Huntsville, if it shares its pastor's own estimate of himself and his labours! His book, he says, "is not a hasty production. Unlike Pascal—who said as to his longest and inferior sixteenth letter, that he had not time to make it shorter—I had time; and I did condense in that one speech the matured reflections of my whole life. I am entirely satisfied I am right. I am sure God has said, and does say, 'Well done.'"

Now for our infallible doctor's style:

"I see it all in the first symbolical altar of Noah, on that mound at the base of Ararat. The father of all living men bows before the incense of sacrifice, streaming up and mingling with the rays of the rising sun. His noble family, and all flesh saved, are grouped round about him. There is Ham at the foot of the green hillock, standing, in antediluvian rakish recklessness, near the long-necked giraffe, type of his Africa; his magnificent wife seated on the grass, her little feet nestling in the tame lion's mane, her long black hair flowing over crimson drapery, and covered with gems from mines before the Flood. Higher up is Shem, leaning his arm over that mouse-coloured horse, his 'Arab steed.' His wife, in pure white linen, feeds the elephant, and plays with his lithe proboscis,—the mother of Terah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, and Christ. And yet she looks up, and bows in mild humility to *her* of Japheth, seated amid plumed birds, with robes like the sky. Her noble lord, meanwhile, high above all, stands with folded arms, following that eagle which wheels up towards Ararat, displaying his breast glittering with stars and stripes of scarlet and silver—radiant heraldry, traced by the hand of God. Now he purifies his eye in the sun, and now he spreads his broad wings in symbolic flight to the West, until lost to the prophetic eye of Japheth under the bow of splendours set that day in the cloud."

Of his reasonings, take the following as a specimen. We Catholics are reproached for making too much of the Vulgate as a guide to the meaning of the Hebrew text. But hear Dr. Ross as to the *authorised version's* superiority to the original.

"I protest against having any Doctor of Divinity *priest*, Hebrew or Greek, to tell the people what God has spoken on the subject of slavery, or any other subject. I would as soon have a Latin priest. I would as soon have Archbishop Hughes. I would as soon go to Rome as to Jerusalem or Athens. Sir, God sanctioned slavery then, and He sanctions it now. He made it right then and now. Having thus taken the last

puff of wind out of the sails of the anti-slavery phantom-ship, turn to Exodus xxi. 2-5. . . . Sir, the wit of man can't dodge that passage, unless he runs away into the Hebrew."

Yet these are thy gods, O Israel!

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Rome—its Ruler and its Institutions. By John Francis Maguire, M.P. (London, Longmans.) Although parts of this book are open to criticism—as, for example, the description of Cardinal Antonelli's entrance into the Pauline Chapel: "A whisper is circulated, 'Here is Antonelli.' . . . That sallow intensely Italian face; those great black eyes, never at rest; those parted lips, that show the glittering teeth; the jet-black hair; the worn yet defiant look, so full of intelligence, power, and pride,—can belong to none but Antonelli. His very walk is a kind of stride." A curious description of a cardinal at church. Or the impossible account of the Pope's birth: "Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was born in Sinigaglia, on the 13th of May 1792, of the Count Jerome (!) and the Countess Catherine Solazzi." Or the author's wonderful struggles to implicate the Austrians as well as the Mazzinians in the Roman troubles—yet it is a very valuable compilation; not only because it contains a mass of information which we should not know where to get elsewhere, but chiefly because of the picture it gives us of Pius IX., the humble and laborious "servant of the servants of God;" the saintly pastor ever ready to give his life, much more every thing less than life, for the good of his flock; the model of unaffected charity; the tender-hearted ruler, who would rather be slain than slay; the genial man, whose word, whose smile, is the most powerful magnet of hearts. In the presence of such a portrait, we have not the conscience to amuse ourselves with the open-mouthed but generous admiration which Mr. Maguire displays. We do not doubt, however, that Protestants will tell him that he is nearly as uncritical as the young-lady tourists just landed for their first season on the Continent, whom we may see in Bruges Cathedral, or the Ghent Beguinage, note-book in hand, jotting down all the remarks of their *commissionnaire*, who has his several assortments of stories, to be adapted to the character which he guesses he has to do with. The difference is, that Mr. Maguire, instead of falling into the hands of a lying *commissionnaire*, has been shown about by well-informed gentlemen, all of them persons interested in the places and things they exhibited, and who generally speak in the superlative; and Mr. Maguire has received their testimony, not with the criticism of an independent inspector, but with the honest good-nature of a wondering reporter. This of course takes off from the value of the book as an independent examination of matters at Rome, because, it will be said, it resolves itself into a document in which the Romans are painted by themselves. Mr. Maguire, we shall be told, is a true zero in the book; much in sequence, but nothing taken by himself. Nevertheless the book is very valuable on many accounts.

A Winter's Sketches of the South of France and the Pyrenees, with Remarks on the use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease. By Fred. H. Johnson, formerly President of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh. (London, Chapman and Hall.) This book is the result of the personal observations of the writer, amalgamated with

information derived from statistical works; the whole well mixed, and presented in a form at once compressed and interesting. The author is one of those persons, becoming, thank God, more numerous every day, who do not think it necessary to pander to the English taste by bearing false witness against Catholics. The following is his account of the religion of the Bearnais, the part of France whose capital is Pau:

“It is useless to disguise the fact, that in this part of France there is a tolerance shown in religious matters which is totally at variance with the statements of sectarian writers. So far as we had the opportunity of observing, there is not the most distant obstruction to the full exercise of religious opinions, with an observance of the same rule towards others; and the Protestant communities receive the most courteous consideration, if not encouragement, from their brother Christians. The priesthood, although possessing immense influence, both as ministers of the predominating faith and dispensers of charity, public and private, appear to be industrious and painstaking in both capacities. Very frequently sprung from the ranks of the peasantry, the curé of the village is the companion of his flock; associating with them in their pursuits; compelled by his scanty income to imitate their style of living; by the nature of his office the depository of their thoughts, and their adviser both in spiritual and temporal difficulties. Indeed, he may really be termed what Wordsworth characterised the old English gentleman—‘the link which unites the sequestered peasantry with the intellectual advancement of the age.’ It is not, therefore, surprising that he should acquire extraordinary power over the community in which he lives; but we have rarely heard of its being abused; in fact, we do not believe the people would bear it. The churches throughout the country are scarcely ever closed, and all classes resort habitually there in their devotions once or more each day. Habitually and formally it may be, but both habit and form are worthy of imitation; and it is to us a pleasanter sight when the working-man, during part of his hour for meals, turns into the house of God than when he turns into the tavern. Regular attendance to the public offices of religion is quite a characteristic of the Bearnais.”

The good man attributes this to the recollection of the Huguenotism that once prevailed there, showing marvellous power of extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers—in fact, deducing the practice of continually attending church and respecting the priesthood from a religion the chief characteristic of which was pulling down churches and torturing priests! Our extracts will show that Mr. Johnson is better for his matter than his manner. But in these days of railroad-reading, it perhaps hardly pays to spend time in acquiring the knack of writing classical English.

Preston Hall. By the Author of “Stumpingford.” (London, Dolman.) This clever and lively story first appeared in the *Rambler*, with the exception of one chapter now added, and we are therefore precluded from criticising it. We content ourselves with mentioning, that it is now published separately in a small volume.

Salve Regina, for Four Voices. By B. Joesbury. (London, Novello.) This, we believe, is Mr. Joesbury’s first published essay in the way of musical composition. He has succeeded in producing a pleasing little piece, simple and flowing, well put together, and moreover, which is an additional merit, easy to sing. It is exactly suited to choirs of moderate strength.